

THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

VOL. XLVIII., No. 25

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1914

WHOLE NUMBER 1261

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TOPICS OF THE DAY



MEXICAN GUN-RUNNING

CRITICS of President Wilson's Mexican policy have focused much of their attack of late on what they regard as his somewhat kaleidoscopic attitude toward the importation of arms into Mexico. "It would appear that the rule laying down an embargo on arms belongs to the now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't variety," remarks the *Worcester Gazette*; and another editor suggests that our changes of front concerning the embargo along our southern border might be summarized in the words of Foreman Finnegan's famous report of a derailment: "Off agin, on agin, gone agin." But when these critics try to unravel the Administration's policy in regard to the shipment of arms by water to Mexican ports they profess themselves even more bewildered. They recall that, altho one of our reasons for seizing Vera Cruz was to prevent two German ships, the *Bavaria* and the *Ypiranga*, from delivering their cargoes of war munitions for Huerta at that port, these cargoes were afterward landed without opposition at Puerto Mexico, and are now in the hands of the Huerta forces. Our only subsequent action in this case seems to have been to impose a fine on the German ships. Then interest shifted to Tampico, which we declared an open port after its capture by the Constitutionlists. News of the Ward liner *Antilla*, clearing from New York with a cargo of arms and ammunition for delivery to the Constitutionlists at Tampico, moved Huerta to declare a blockade of that port, his two gunboats *Zaragosa* and *Bravo* actually steaming from Puerto Mexico to enforce the decree. At the same time the United States Government announced its determination to keep Tampico open, "by force if necessary," and another Mexican "crisis" was only averted by Huerta's withdrawal of his blockade order. Then Secretary of Commerce Redfield clarified the situation by an order for-

bidding the clearing of vessels from American ports with contraband of war for Mexico, altho Secretary Bryan was under the impression that his department had already issued the same order, even before the *Antilla* was cleared. The Cabinet's action and Secretary Bryan's comment are thus recorded in a Washington dispatch to the *New York Times*, dated June 10:

"The Cabinet yesterday, in Mr. Bryan's absence and with the President in attendance, seemed to take the view that a repetition of the *Antilla* incident after attention had been called to it would tend seriously to impair the confidence of the mediators and General Huerta's delegates at Niagara Falls in the good faith of the American Government. While Mr. Bryan has said repeatedly that a general order was outstanding that would forbid all future shipments of arms to Mexico, Secretary Redfield informed the Cabinet that this was not the case. The Cabinet thereupon issued a positive order supplementing general instructions suggested by Mr. Bryan, that already had proved their inadequacy.

"Mr. Bryan discuss shipments of arms more freely to-day than ever before, tho his views have been invited twice a day since the *Antilla* cleared.

"Since back in May," said Mr. Bryan, "there has been an order that no ships with arms be cleared for Mexican ports. That was a general order."

"And the *Antilla* cleared on June 2?" he was asked.

"Mr. Bryan said that the intervening holidays and the fact that the order went first to Southern ports might have explained the delay. But he was positive in his assertion that the order was general and definite not to clear contraband cargoes.

"The Secretary was then informed that most of his auditors had read the order, and had found in it no such provision. He was told that an order such as he described had been sent by Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of customs, but that after a conference the next day with officials of the Department of Commerce, at which Mr. Hamlin learned that there was no authority of law for his

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Published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, and Salisbury Square, London, E. C.

Entered at the New York Post-office as Second-class Matter.

order, and that customs officials carrying it out would be personally liable for heavy damages, it had been rescinded.

"Mr. Bryan was further told that the order still in force prior to yesterday simply directed that customs officials, before clearing a ship with contraband cargo, report the facts to Washington.

"But," said Mr. Bryan with a relieved expression, "if after the official reports to Washington, permission for the clearance is withheld, wouldn't that be the same thing?"

"He was told then that there was nothing in the order to require the clearance papers to be held up pending instructions from Washington. He was informed that the customs officials at Galveston, under those instructions, simply reported the facts, and that the order holding up the shipment was issued following the Cabinet meeting, both as to the specific shipment on the *El Sud* and all other similar shipments. The order, he was told, merely required a report to Washington.

"That was not my understanding of the order," was Mr. Bryan's comment."

"Is the ease with which the *Antilla* cleared to be regarded as a tacit recognition of the Constitutionalists," asks the Worcester paper quoted above, "or is the case one bristling with blundering?" The case is complicated, remarks the Baltimore *American*, by "the agreement of the United States that, pending mediation, no more arms should be sent from this country." "It is not disputed," agrees the Boston *Traveler*, "that there was a definite understanding with the mediators that arms were not to be shipped from this country to any part of Mexico." "Why, then," it asks, "was the *Antilla* allowed to go on her way without objection?" In regard to Secretary Bryan's explanation, which it characterizes as "thin," *The Traveler* has this to say:

"According to the Secretary, on representations from his Department, the proper orders were issued to all American ports to withhold clearance papers for ships bearing arms to Mexico. He explained that the instructions to port officials to prevent such sailings might not have reached New York in time because they were sent first to Southern ports where gun-running into Mexico was more frequent.

"Are we to suppose, then, that the Government of the United States is run on such a haphazard plan that when orders of such importance as this are sent out the chief port of the country is omitted? If the Administration had been really in earnest in its desire to prevent the shipment of arms to the rebels, would it have overlooked the very likely chance that shipment would be made from any one of the big Northern ports where ammunition is most readily purchased?"

And the Philadelphia *Telegraph* confesses itself puzzled by still another point:

"But why should the Washington Government want to keep

the port of Tampico open through which arms and ammunition may be supplied the rebels? In order to prevent such supplies going to them, a strict embargo is maintained all along the border. That would seem to be a useless precaution if the opportunity is held open at a seaport where supplies can be more conveniently received."

It may be noted that, with the exception of the independent Worcester *Gazette*, all the papers we have quoted belong to the Republican camp. Giving ear to another and more bitter Republican critic of the Administration, we read in the Boston *Transcript*:

"The whole performance of the Cabinet is more than farcical, it is humiliating. After Villa, by the connivance of the Administration, has received all the arms he can use, the Cabinet decides he ought not to receive any more. He has enough to render him more effective as our ally. President Wilson, we are assured, is gratified by the facility with which arms and ammunition, the transmission of which by land is prohibited, can be forwarded by sea. Throughout its length and breadth the Administration is playing a double part in the belief that it is deceiving the public. In reality it is deceiving nobody. It has not deceived the American people, who see that the embargo is put on as against Huerta and lifted to favor Villa. It has not deceived the mediators at Niagara Falls, who perceive that they are expected not to prepare a plan of their own to reestablish order in Mexico, but to rubber-stamp a plan of the Administration to put Carranza in the Presidential chair of Mexico."

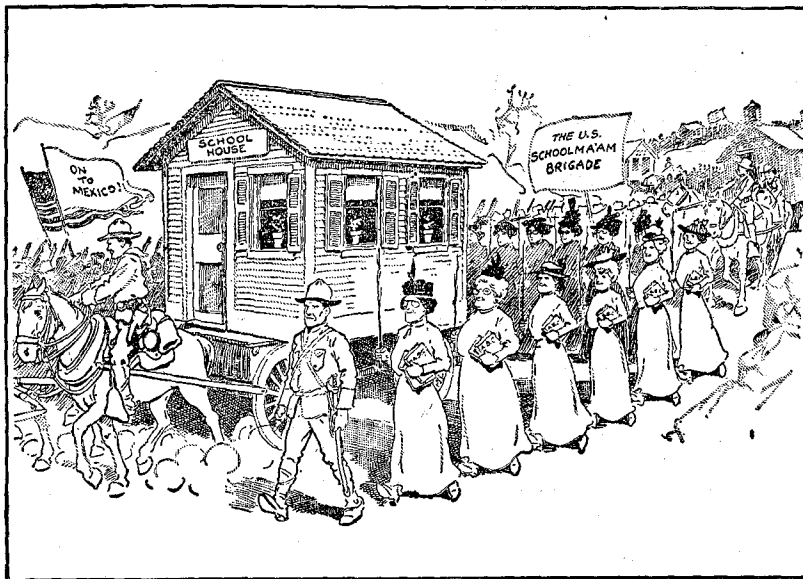
When we turn to the other side of the case, most of the Administration papers seem to be holding their fire. The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), however, says that "if the test of successful diplomacy often consists in not letting embarrassing things happen, the avoidance of a crisis in the *Antilla* affair reflects credit upon somebody somewhere." And the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), laying this credit at President Wilson's door, remarks:

"The calm, determined man at Washington has triumphed over circumstances again. The nation ought to be ready to believe by this time that President Wilson knows what he is doing in the Mexican matter. Obviously he has known all along much more about the situation than his critics. His faith in the information he has received, often from sources not accessible to others, is justified by events. Some things have been done which have puzzled the American people, such as the neglect to prevent the sailing of the *Antilla* with its cargo of arms for Carranza. But it must be remembered that Huerta has received supplies of arms from Germany since the seizure of Vera Cruz. On the whole, we must conclude that no movement of the Administration in regard to the Mexican trouble will seem puzzling when all the facts are made known."



BEGINNING TO CATCH ON TO THE TUNE.

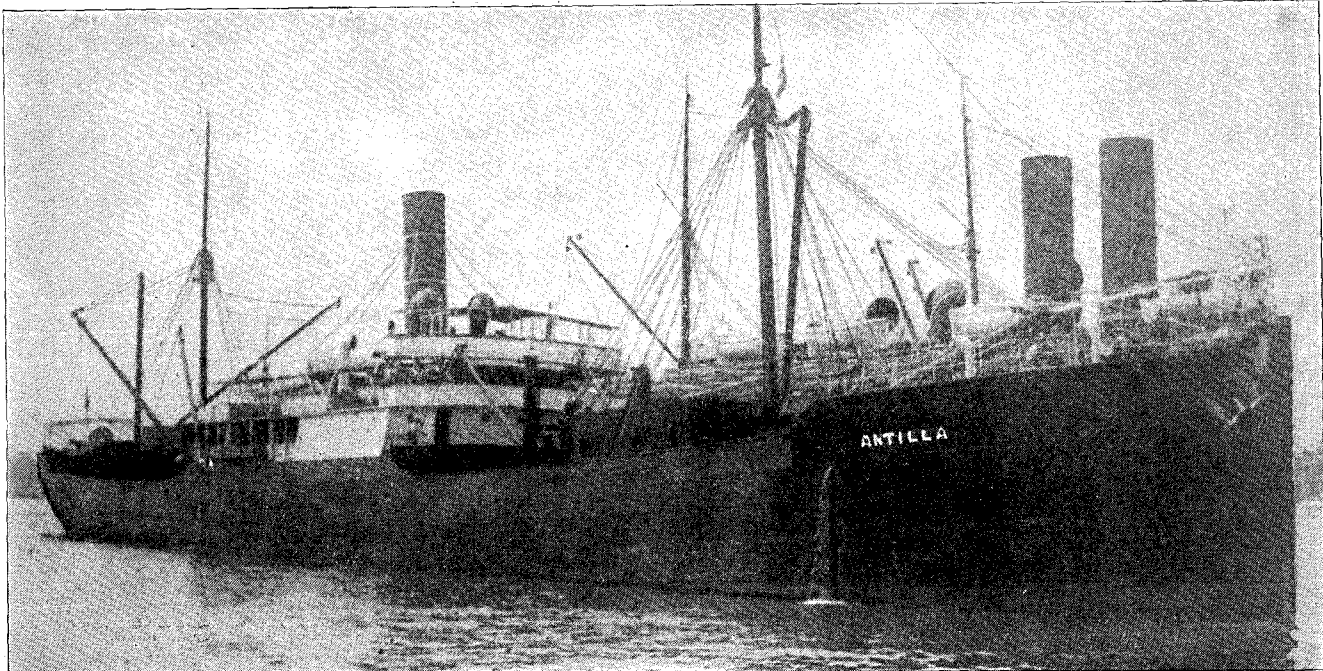
—Darling in the Des Moines Register and Leader.



THE SORT OF "A. B. C." ENVOYS THAT MEXICO NEEDS.

—Bradley in the Chicago News.

TO TEACH THE YOUNG IDEA NOT TO SHOOT.



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SHE NEARLY WRECKED THE MEDIATION PROCEEDINGS.

The clearing of the *Antilla* from New York with 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the Constitutionalists at Tampico led Huerta to declare a blockade of that Mexican port. Our Government replied that it would be kept open, by force, if necessary, and only Huerta's rescinding of his order saved the peace negotiations at Niagara Falls from being brought to an abrupt termination.

MORE FEDERAL POWER OVER THE RAILROADS

WASHINGTON PEOPLE who wish to travel into Virginia sometimes cross the Potomac by boat or bridge and buy tickets there to get the benefit of a State two-cent-fare law instead of buying their tickets from Washington and paying the three-cent rate allowed in interstate travel. The same situation, the New York *Sun's* Washington correspondent continues, exists in many other parts of the country, and it often happens that a man can thus get a local ticket at a cheaper rate than another man who buys a through ticket. Again, the New York *Commercial* reminds us, State authorities sometimes prescribe such rates for sections of interstate railroads as to give "shippers within the State an unfair advantage over those living without its boundaries." Rates are adjusted to make a city within the State the distributing center of given territory rather than a better located place across the border. And if the practise were to go on unchecked, every State, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* observes, could "artificially build up its own ports and cities," to the detriment of the business of the country as a whole. But the era of these things is at an end, if the editors have properly forecast the effect of the Supreme Court's decision in the Shreveport rate case. Furthermore, the Court has taken another step toward imposing complete Federal control on the transportation systems of the country. The decision "drives a nail deep and hard into the coffin of State rights," says one New York editor. And while the railroads get one master instead of many, as it is remarked on every hand, some note that this master now controls everything except the operation of the roads—will the next step bring government ownership?

The Supreme Court asserts unequivocally that "wherever the interstate and intrastate transactions of carriers are so related that the government of one involves the control of the other," Congress acting through its agent, the Interstate Commerce Commission, "is entitled to prescribe the final and dominant rule." In other words, the Interstate Commerce Commission may overrule State regulations dealing with traffic

entirely within the State or establishing intrastate rates reasonable in themselves, if these regulations tend in any way to block, divert, or bring about discrimination in interstate commerce. The importance of this decision in establishing railroad control upon a national basis is acknowledged by the press everywhere, and most of the editors hail it as a boon for the railroads. Railroad opinion may be represented by this statement from President L. D. Underwood, of the Erie:

"It isn't the greatest decision that has ever been handed down, but it is a great decision. It does not enhance our railroad income, but it simplifies matters. . . . It lets us settle with one educated, experienced tribunal, as against a mass of politicians and ignoramuses that get into State commissions as a rule."

The situation giving rise to the Shreveport case is thus sketched by the New York *Evening Post*:

"Shreveport, a town in northwestern Louisiana, forty miles east of the Texas border, competed with interior Texas cities, such as Dallas and Houston, for the trade of the intervening Texas territory. The Interstate Commerce Commission had fixed the rate for such shipments from Shreveport into Texas; whereupon the Texas State Railway Commission had reduced the rate, from the above-named Texas cities to the competitive Texas territory, to a level which made the Texas shippers pay less than one-third as much for an exactly equivalent service as was paid by the Shreveport merchants."

Complaint was made to the Interstate Commerce Commission which saw that the issue was, to use *The Evening Post's* words, "indirect imposition of a protective tariff against a neighbor State." It appeared, for example, that at a rate of 60 cents first-class freight could be carried 160 miles eastward from Dallas, but only 55 miles into Texas from Shreveport. So the Commission ordered the roads to end this discrimination and establish equal rates for equal distances. This would have involved disobedience to the State authorities of Texas, and the order was made the basis of the suit which finally came to the Supreme Court. Justices Lurton and Pitney dissenting, the Court decided to uphold the Interstate Commerce Commission. The opinion, as read by Mr. Justice Hughes, contained these paragraphs explaining the Court's position:

"The Commission was dealing with the relation of rates

injuriously affecting, through an unreasonable discrimination, traffic that was interstate. The question was thus not simply one of transportation that was 'wholly within one State.'

"Wherever the interstate and intrastate transactions of carriers are so related that the government of the one involves the control of the other, it is Congress, and not the State, that is entitled to prescribe the final and dominant rule, for otherwise Congress would be denied the exercise of its constitutional authority, and the State, and not the nation, would be supreme within the national field.

"It is immaterial, so far as the protecting power of Congress is concerned, that the discrimination arises from intrastate rates, as compared with interstate rates. The use of the instrument of interstate commerce in a discriminatory manner so as to inflict injury upon that commerce, or some part thereof, furnishes abundant ground for Federal intervention. Nor can the attempted exercise of State authority alter the matter where Congress has acted, for a State may not authorize a carrier to do that which Congress is entitled to forbid and has forbidden. . . . It is also to be noted—as the Government has well said in its argument in support of the Commission's order—that the power to deal with the relation between the two kinds of rates, as a relation, lies exclusively with Congress. It is manifest that the State can not fix the relation of the carrier's interstate and intrastate charges without directly interfering with the former, unless it simply follows the standard set by Federal authority."

This decision "will give additional confidence in the sound common sense of the Supreme Court," the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* thinks, and the *New York Evening Sun* calls it "fundamental," but notes that it "affords no invariable test for finding when interstate commerce shall have been balked by State regulation." Yet, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, "its importance in the ultimate solution of our rate problems can hardly be overestimated." Its "broad general effect," says the *New York Evening Mail*, "is nation-wide and epoch-making," for "it puts the railroad business of the whole country on a national basis." There is no room now, observes the *New York Tribune*, "for the attempted Western revival of State rights as applicable to railroad regulation." "Fifty-seven varieties of State regulation countervailing a single Federal regulation," remarks the *Washington Times*, "could produce nothing but interstate commerce chaos." And the Federal Government, adds the *Boston Herald*, "has long needed to find a way to assert a larger measure of authority in such cases." The *New York Commercial* is moved to make this comment:

"This case will apply to passenger-rates as well as to freight-rates and it will put an end to the attempts of the individual States to force railroads to give lower rates than the Interstate Commerce Commission approves, even tho the passengers journey wholly within the boundaries of the State.

"In so far as this judgment curtails the maddening conflict of laws existing between the various States of the Union and between Congress and the State legislatures, it will be received with great satisfaction by the law-ridden people of the United States."

On the other hand, we find the *New York Sun* doubting whether there is really as much jubilation among railroad managements over this decision as the above-quoted editors seem to think. And it thus presents the other side of the case:

"The exchange of the State frying-pan for the Federal fire is no substantial gain for the railroads unless the national policy toward the carriers is going to be informed with a more intelligent, fair-minded, and courageous purpose than has been displayed in recent years. Making due allowance for the political fury excited by the mistakes and abuses of which railroad managements have been guilty, it may be submitted that national political programs toward the railroads have obviously been dictated less by a well-considered intent to safeguard the future than by a destructive desire to punish and avenge the past."

Similarly, a financial writer on the *New York Journal of Commerce* hears it is held in some quarters that "the only thing now remaining outside of the absolute power of the Federal

authorities to regulate or control, so far as the railroads are concerned, is the power to control their operation." And "in the same breath it is said that this last power to effect complete control by the central Government over the railroads will mark what nearly all authorities now agree is close at hand in this country—namely, government ownership of the roads."

Another dissatisfied authority is Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson. This prominent railroad attorney is sorry to see such an increase in the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, "a broadening of the central power of the nation," never contemplated by the makers of the Constitution. The decision, the *New York Times* quotes him as saying, is indeed "a logical one; but for the welfare of the country, I wish it had been in favor of the State."

THE EXPRESSMAN AS MIDDLEMAN

ANY ONE WHO would have suggested a few years ago "that an express company might solve the high-cost-of-living problem" would have been buried "under an avalanche of ridicule," but, remarks the *New York Tribune*, that is just what the Adams Express Company, "pushed by the parcel post," is trying to do by establishing its new Order and Food-Product Bureau. This, declares another daily, is "the first practical solution of the problem of the expensive middleman," and another is certain that if the plan is supported by the farmers, the market-gardeners, and the city consumer it will "meet with instant and great success." This express company, in an announcement sent out from Philadelphia, states its purpose of trying to promote more intimate relations between producer and consumer. It plans, according to a *New York Times* dispatch, to

"Become a clearing-house for excess production, disposing of fruits, berries, butter, eggs, poultry, fish, meats, and other food articles at a minimum of expense to seller and buyer. The company is responsible to both, delivering the commodities to the buyer's door and the money to the seller, without any intervening agency. The rate on the class of merchandise for which the bureau is designed is 25 per cent. below the commercial rate fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission and is no higher than parcel-post charges. To the cost of carrying must be added the money-order charge, ranging from 3 cents for \$2.50 to 15 cents for \$40."

The feature of the new system will be the prompt delivery service, and perishable goods, the *New York Commercial* hears, "will be in the hands of the consumer on the same day that they have been shipped from points two hundred miles distant." And *The Times* understands that the Adams Company will not limit its new effort to foodstuffs alone, but "will buy and transport for customers an endless variety of things, including even plowshares and gasoline-engines."

Thus, remarks the *Baltimore Sun*, does the Adams Express Company issue "a defi to young Mr. Parcel Post that will make him sit up and take notice." The parcel post, we are reminded by the *New York Globe*, was intended to be "a cost-of-living reducer along these same lines," and a "farm-products post" was established especially to aid the city consumer. But, it adds,

"Owing to the fact that the consumer had to deal directly with the producer, neither of whom as a rule was satisfied of the responsibility of the other, it has not been of much benefit to the public at large. Now, with an express company to act as the agent of each, charging for its services only the cost of transportation and money-order, the situation is at once simplified. If the scheme is energetically and intelligently pushed it should prove a great success. It affords a wide field to the express companies to create new and profitable business of which they all are in need, and at the same time is of distinct financial benefit to both producer and consumer."

"Only one stumbling-block lies in the way of the success-

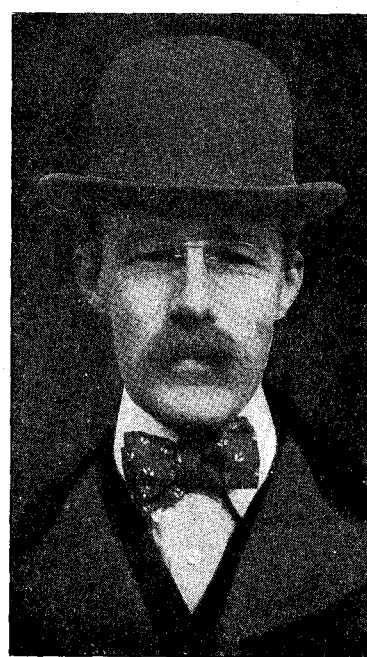


GEORGE W. PERKINS.



"FOR WE STAND AT ARMAGEDDON
AND WE BATTLE FOR THE LORD."

—Kirby in the New York World.



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AMOS PINCHOT.

ful development of this system," concludes the New York Commercial,

"And that is the prevailing greed of the farmers throughout the country who are so short-sighted that they believe they can get the city consumers to pay delicatessen-store prices. If the farmers will sell the goods in this way at a reasonable advance on what the commission men offer them, consumers in the city will be only too glad to do business with them, but the city dweller is not going to put himself out in order to help the farmers if there is nothing in it for himself."

PINCHOT'S WAR ON PERKINS

DURING THE LAST Presidential campaign, so Mr. Amos Pinchot remembers, a pamphlet was issued bearing the title, "Is Perkins Honest?" Mr. Pinchot is now ready with an answer, for he has been convinced for some time that Mr. George W. Perkins is not the man, at any rate, to continue as Progressive National Committeeman from New York and Chairman of the National Executive Committee. Mr. Pinchot has written a letter to all the National Committeemen showing how unfit Mr. Perkins is for the prominent position he holds, and how his continued prominence will bring disaster upon the Progressive party. Here, then, according to the New York Times, is "the first serious dissension within the national ranks of the Progressive party." Nothing of the sort, says Mr. Perkins. Mr. Pinchot and he "differ on several questions before the country"; it is a "case of honest difference of opinion," and Mr. Perkins doesn't think Mr. Pinchot's letter "will change either his relations or mine to the Progressive party." What Mr. Pinchot thinks of Mr. Perkins may be judged from this warm paragraph from his letter:

"To talk against monopoly, to place the words 'Social and Industrial Justice' upon our banner, and then to hand over this banner to a man who has been monopoly's ardent supporter and one of the most distinguished opponents of social and industrial justice that our generation has produced, is, in my opinion, a handicap to the party, and a fraud on the public. It is also highly and destructively ridiculous."

Before the Progressive party "can command general popular support," declares Mr. Pinchot, who is a brother of the ex-Forester, this situation must be terminated:

"(1) An element in our party leadership, headed by Mr.

George W. Perkins, the present chairman of the National Executive Committee, favors the protection of private monopoly in American industry, and, since the party's formation, has been taking active steps to commit the party to that policy. (2) The chairman of our Executive Committee is actively opposed to the recognition of labor's right to organize and deal with capital through labor-unions, and has frequently gone on record to this effect. Our party is therefore subject to the charge that it is lukewarm, or even antagonistic, to the interests of organized wage-earners.

"On both these subjects the Progressive party has placed itself positively and definitely on record in opposition to Mr. Perkins. But the fact that the executive leader and recognized spokesman of the party is an active member of the governing committees of the Steel Corporation and the International Harvester Company, the two great monopolies which have succeeded most completely in exploiting the public and crushing organized labor, has led to a natural and unfortunate confusion in the public mind."

Mr. Perkins is accused—at great length and in great detail—of having first tried to keep an indorsement of the Sherman Law out of the Progressive national platform and, failing in this, of keeping the clause in question out of the campaign literature. He is charged with using a party publication as his personal organ: "to defend the Trusts, to attack the Sherman Law, and to glorify the two great monopolies" of which Mr. Perkins is an official. Mr. Pinchot also quotes a number of pamphlets and articles sent out from the party headquarters containing laudations of Perkins.

While the Progressive papers say little or nothing, other editors seem to be enjoying the situation. They wonder what "the Colonel" will do about it when he returns from Spain. They also fail to see how these activities of "Brother Amos" are going to help the Senatorial campaign of "Brother Gifford" in Pennsylvania. None of them thinks that Colonel Roosevelt will hear of any movement to depose Perkins. For the Progressives to throw Perkins to the wolves, says the New York Times, "would be unjust, for not only has he given of his money to the cause, but he is, we believe, thoroughly sincere in his advocacy of their principles and earnest in his desire to bring about what he considers reforms. To drop him at the cry of the wild and restless spirits in the movement would be to serve notice that devotion to the cause is of no value unless it is leavened with insanity."

What Mr. Pinchot and those who think with him have against

Mr. Perkins, observes the New York *Evening Post*, is not so much his opinions as the fact that "Perkins is primarily a Wall Street man; right or wrongly, he has a bad name with the masses, and the Progressive party needs the masses more than it needs Perkins." If Mr. Perkins "has sought to force a pro-trust policy on the Progressive party," then he first forced it "on the man behind the party," continues *The Evening Post*, for "both as President and as political leader since his term of office Mr. Roosevelt has stood as plainly as has Mr. Perkins for a national policy that would strengthen the big trusts, subject only to the condition that they were, in the eyes of the Government, 'good' trusts." And the New York *World* (Dem.) agrees that "Amos Pinchot can not read George W. Perkins out of the Progressive party without reading Theodore Roosevelt out, too." What "naturally occurs" to the New York *Herald* is that the Progressive party most needs "a measure not for the expulsion of its members, but for preventing members from expelling themselves, which they appear to have been doing on many occasions recently."

TRUST BILLS AND PROSPERITY

THE IDEA that business would revive and the country enjoy an era of resplendent prosperity if the President and Congress would only "leave business alone" has been exprest pretty frequently of late in the New York papers. A particularly hot fire of such criticism has been directed at the three bills embodying the Administration's antitrust program, which passed the House last week. These bills are part of the "New Freedom" that is supposed to release business from the strangling hold of trust and railroad control. But when we turn to the organs which profess to speak for the business interests of the country, we find that many of them advise Congress to sidetrack the bills till after election, because their effect would be more damaging than helpful. Nor is the same thought,

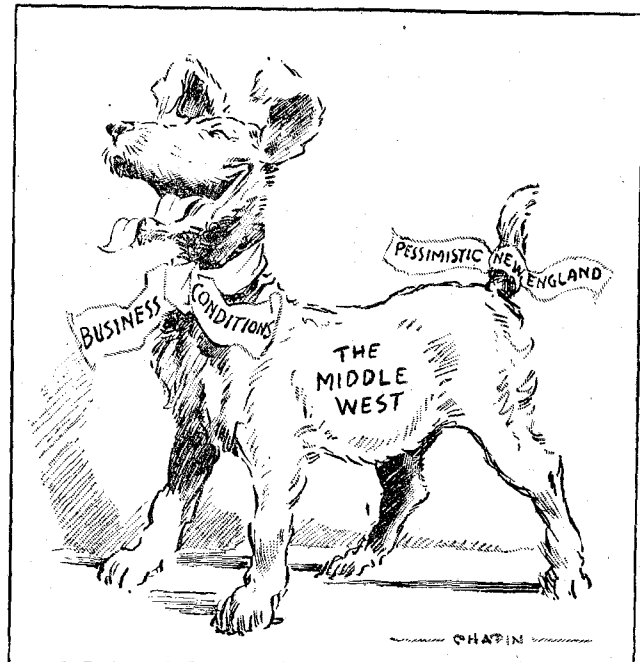


"I WONDER HOW I'D FEEL IF THERE WAS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH ME?"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

we are told, entirely absent from the hearts of many of the Congressmen who voted for the three bills in their present form. At least the New York *Sun's* Washington correspondent declares unhesitatingly that "a majority of the Democrats who voted for the bills in the House are hopeful that the measures will be sidetracked in the Senate until after the November

elections," because "they fear that the antitrust program is loaded with political dynamite." According to the same correspondent, while Democratic leaders in Washington still maintain that the bills as they passed the House would help business, Republican



DOES THE TAIL WAG THE DOG?

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Republic*.

leaders insist that they would ruin business, and Progressive leaders say that they would not affect business one way or another. Thus Representative Carlin (Dem.), of Virginia, is quoted as saying: "The bills, if enacted into law, will bring relief to the business of the country and will hasten and accentuate prosperity." On the other hand, Representative Mann, of Illinois, the Republican leader in the House, is no less emphatic in his assertion that "the Clayton Bill is dangerous, and if enacted into law will prove disastrous to business generally." Representative Murdock (Prog.), of Kansas, thinks that these bills "will not solve the problem at which they are directed," but that "they will hoist the problem out of its rut and will force Congress to move on to the true solution."

The three measures in which the House has sought to give effect to the Administration's antitrust program are: the Covington Trade Commission Bill, which creates a commission with broad inquisitorial powers over all corporations engaged in interstate trade; the Rayburn Railway Capitalization Bill, which empowers the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise the issuance of stocks and bonds by interstate railways; and the Clayton Omnibus Bill, designed to supplement and strengthen the Sherman Antitrust Law. Altho all these bills have their critics, the one which arouses least opposition, apparently, is the Trade Commission Bill, which, the Washington *Herald* (Ind.) assures us, "is indorsed by the conservative business men of the country." The Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.) also thinks that, with certain amendments which the Senate is expected to add, this bill "will be a helpful measure to all legitimate business." And Senator Francis Newlands (Dem.), of Nevada, says in its defense, according to the Washington correspondent of the conservative New York *Times*:

"The fear that has been exprest that this bill will inaugurate a wholesale inquisition of the 350,000 corporations of the country is groundless. Power to investigate is given with reference to such corporations as the Commission may designate. This power is substantially the same as is now possessed by the Bureau of Corporations, and certainly the powers of that bureau have not been exercised in such a way as to annoy the honest business of the country. Reports are required only from such corpora-

tions or classes of corporations as the Commission may designate. The range of this requirement will be comparatively moderate."

A directly opposite opinion of this bill, however, is expressed by Senator Henry F. Lippitt (Rep.), of Rhode Island, who is quoted in the same paper as saying:

"The Trade Commission is not designed to aid business in any way, and has no constructive powers at all. It is merely an inquisitorial and punitive national detective agency, with a power to conduct Paul Pry investigations into business, large and small, of such a character that if not actually violating the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution protecting people against unreasonable searches and seizure of private papers, comes as near to it as possible.

"To discover the one guilty person it puts 999 innocent ones under intolerable suspicion and to unjustifiable trouble and expense. It has been estimated that, in addition to the cost of the Commission itself, it will cost the 150,000 business concerns it affects \$20,000,000 annually to respond to its demands, which in the end must be paid by the consumers of their products, and all this merely to accomplish a result that is now the duty of the Attorney-General.

"Under a partizan and ambitious Administration it can be made the most despotic party agency any country has ever had.

"No present important conditions call for or justify the creation of such a body. All that is necessary to be done the Government can readily do through existing agencies with much less expense and friction."

The Rayburn Bill for the Federal supervision of railroad securities contains clauses which, the railroads' representatives declare, will strangle our transportation systems and turn the wheels of progress backward. Many of these criticisms of the bill were quoted at length in THE LITERARY DIGEST of May 23. In later hearings before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee A. H. Harris, general counsel for the New York Central lines, testified that the effect of the measure would be "to put the roads in a strait-jacket," and George F. Brownell, vice-president of the Erie Railroad, declared that under the Rayburn Bill the Interstate Commerce Commission would take

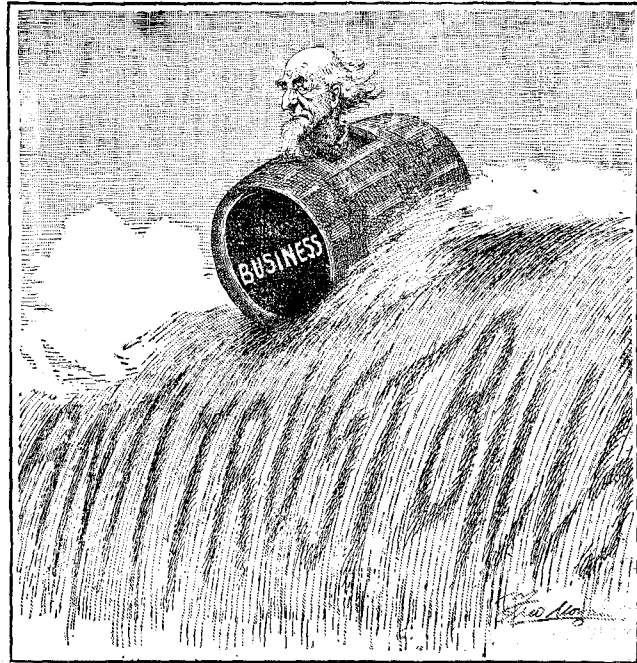


UNCLE SAM GOMPERS.

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

over and discharge the more important duties of the president, general manager, and other officials of every road. The Commission, he said, "would itself take over all the functions of interlocking directors on all railroads," and it would have such power that it "could change the whole railroad map of the United States." The most vehement criticism of the

Clayton Bill is directed against its alleged exemption of labor-unions and farmers' associations from prosecution under the Sherman Law, a point which was discussed in our issue of last week. There seems to be a wide-spread editorial expectation



A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

—Morgan in the Salt Lake Herald-Republican.

that the exemption clauses will be very much clarified in the course of senatorial debate.

That the Senate should proceed slowly and cautiously in dealing with all of these measures is the opinion of such papers as the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), Rochester *Post Express* (Rep.), Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), Boston *Herald* (Ind.), New York *World* (Dem.), Dallas *News* (Ind. Dem.), Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.), and New York *Herald* (Ind.), *Sun* (Ind.), and *Tribune* (Rep.). As the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* puts it, "the business interests of the country are now at the mercy of the Senate," and in the Boston *Herald* we read:

"Times are none too good. Business is none too prosperous. The occasion calls for care. The other nations of the world, like Germany, which manage their industrial affairs with far greater acumen, will get ahead of us in the race for the world's markets, if we allow amateurish and ill-digested regulative measures to hamstring the business of the country."

Among other papers which applaud the House for its part in carrying out the Administration's antitrust program we find the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.), Newark *News* (Ind.), and Florida *Times Union* (Dem.). And Representative Carlin, one of the framers of the House measures, has this to say in their defense:

"The bills are simple and in no sense ambiguous, and will leave practically no work for the courts, and the fact that they were passed through the House by a practically unanimous vote shows that they contained the matters upon which the people demand legislation. The labor amendment, about which a great deal has been said, received the solid vote of all three political parties, Democratic, Progressive, and Republican. The bills, if enacted into law, will bring relief to the business of the country and will hasten and accentuate prosperity.

"The Democratic party has fulfilled its promise to the people, as expressed in the Baltimore platform, to the letter. Some have complained that the bills are a menace to business. The reverse is true. The bills are in response to the demands of business men all over the country. Especially will they be helpful to small business men who had their operations and growth prohibited by monopoly. These bills, in a word, mean business freedom."

LABOR EXEMPTION UPHELD

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISION in favor of the Missouri Antitrust Law, which does not condemn labor-unions, heartens the friends of the labor-exemption clause in the Clayton Antitrust Bill, now on its way through Congress. But the critics of labor exemption are pointing out that the Clayton Bill and the Missouri Act are worded very differently, enough so to put the result in doubt, tho the Court's indorsement of any sort of labor exemption is admitted to be significant. Under the Missouri laws, it appears, the International Harvester Company was fined and banished from the State, and the Harvester Company replied that the laws were unconstitutional because they were discriminatory. Missouri's Supreme Court had held that they "are limited in their scope and operation to persons and corporations dealing in commodities, and do not include combinations of persons engaged in labor pursuits." The reply of the Supreme Court to this contention is thus stated by Mr. Justice McKenna:

"It may be there is restraint of competition in a combination of laborers and in a combination of producers, but that does not demonstrate that legislation which does not include either combination is illegal. Whether it would have been better policy to have made such a comprehensive classification it is not our province to decide. . . . If the power of classification did not exist, to what sorry straits legislation would be brought. . . ."

"Under the principle as contended for, the combination of all the greatest industrial enterprises, and railroads as well, could not be condemned unless the law applied as well to the combination of maid servants or to infants' nurses, whose humble functions preclude effective combinations."

In another case, however, decided on the same day, the Supreme Court favored the Harvester Company's somewhat similar contention that the Kentucky Antitrust Law was unconstitutional. But the Kentucky statutes, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "certainly reach the height of absurdity"—

"As Justice Holmes describes them, they declared it to be unlawful to enhance or depress prices of commodities above or below the real market value. The Court properly recognized this as a problem beyond human ingenuity to determine, and ruled that hence the law was beyond the power of a State to enact."

Kentucky, it seems, first passed a law condemning all combinations in restraint of trade, but some years later it legalized the pooling of tobacco crops for higher prices. The State Court of Appeals tried to reconcile the apparent conflict by

interpreting the Antitrust Law to mean "that any combination for the purpose of controlling prices was lawful unless for the purpose or with the effect of making prices that were greater or less than the real value of the article." The apparent result, continues *The Journal of Commerce*,

"was that combinations of tobacco-growers were held to do no more than restore an equilibrium that had been disturbed by a combination of buyers, whereas if prices were raised after a combination of manufacturers, it might be presumed that the advance was above the real value and that therefore a crime had been committed."

The distinction made by the Supreme Court in these two cases is, as the New York *Globe* sees it, that a man "has rights that do not attach to his property." In other words:

"A workingman may cooperate with his fellows with respect to the sale of his labor, altho he would be restraining trade should he agree as to what should be done with the property which was the fruit of the joint labor. The distinction is a close one, but it can be perceived. So it was that the Missouri statute was upheld while the Kentucky one was overthrown."

"It is necessary for associations of agricultural producers to restrict their activities to cooperation. In disposing of their products they must make it clear that they are not mingling their goods, but carrying on joint service. As to the labor-unions, the Missouri decision seems to leave no doubt of the legality or the propriety of the legalization of the pending Clayton Bill."

With this the New York *Evening Post* and *Journal of Commerce* agree so far as to consider the Supreme Court's attitude in the Missouri case as a good basis for believing that the Court, following a similar line of reasoning, would find the Clayton labor-exemption provision quite in harmony with the United States Constitution. But the New York *World* argues from the same facts to a very different conclusion. It says:

"The proposed Federal exemption of labor is like the attempted exemption of tobacco-growers in Kentucky, and if enacted into law there can be no doubt that it will meet with speedy judicial nullification. In the Missouri law there is no attempt to prohibit anything but conspiracy in the manufacture and sale of goods. . . ."

"The national Antitrust Law provides that every person who shall make any contract or engage in any combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. . . ."

"A bill which has passed the House at Washington and now awaits the action of the Senate plainly amends this law, not to make it resemble the Missouri law, which does not include all persons, but to bring it into line with the Kentucky law, now wiped out, which undertook to relieve a favored class of the penalties which were prescribed for others. . . ."

"The Missouri and Kentucky decisions, properly understood, doom that kind of law, as in free countries it always has been doomed."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

POSSIBLY our Congressmen are afraid to go home.—*Wall Street Journal*.

HAVE you ordered your new map of Brazil yet?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Too bad none of Huerta's sons are getting married in Madrid.—*New York American*.

SPAIN will be hard put to it to find anything for the Colonel to discover.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

CARRANZA has whiskers, but he seems determined not to be the goat.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

THE Thread Trust having been dissolved, it seems up to Standard Oil to send congratulations.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

TRUTH may be stranger than fiction, but Mr. Huerta's statements are very interesting all the same.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

HAVING agreed on amalgamation, Republicans and Progressives now differ only on the question of who shall amalgamate whom.—*New York Evening Post*.

ST. LOUIS is 150 years old, but doesn't look a day over 140. And it enjoys the proud distinction of being the second best city in the State.—*Kansas City Journal*.

VILLA repeats his assertion that he does not want to be President. Doubtless he would find the office of Treasurer or Lord High Executioner more congenial.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

EITHER Mr. Mellen told more than he knew or knew more than he told.—*New York American*.

IF mediation drags, it is well to remember that war, too, can be tedious.—*Springfield Republican*.

AN optimist is a man who believes that Congress will adjourn early in July.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT will make no speeches this fall for the President he elected.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

T. R.'s ten commandments: Thou shalt have no other bosses beside myself. (Repeat nine times.)—*Albany Journal*.

IF the United States has its Mexico, Europe has its Albania. The difference is that Europe deliberately created Albania.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

THE plan to throw Perkins out of the Bull Moose party is a good deal like a plan to take the bakery window away from the bread-line.—*New York American*.

LONDON finds it more shocking for a suffragette to speak to the King before she is spoken to than for her to burn a church dating from the Norman conquest.—*Springfield Republican*.

PHOTOGRAPHS from Vera Cruz showing our soldier boys driving sprinkling carts through the streets indicate that under the new régime even the Army is on the water-wagon.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

FOREIGN COMMENT

IRISH "INDIFFERENCE" ABOUT HOME RULE

WHILE THE GUN-RUNNERS are landing thousands of rifles on the Irish coast and the forces of the orange and the green are drilling for possible hostilities, we are informed by two writers who have been looking into the matter that neither side really cares anything about it. But strangely enough each finds the indifference on the opposite side of the fence. The Unionist investigator discovers that the Nationalists are tired of all this Home-Rule talk; the Nationalist investigator is sure the Ulster Orangemen do not actually want Ireland cut in two. And all this is revealed just as the Home-Rule Bill passes the Commons for the third time and is about to become law. The Nationalist writer is Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who declares in *Reynolds's Newspaper* (London):

"The whole atmosphere on all sides will be changed when the bill is on the statute-book, and agreement, I believe, will be much easier. I am not, of course, in the counsels of the Tory party, but I gather from various incidents and utterances, in addition to those of Mr. Walter Long, that that is their view also. My recommendation, then, would be that the bill should be passed rapidly and soon through its remaining stages in the House of Commons; that it should be immediately sent up to the House of Lords; and should be put on the statute-book after its rejection by that body. We should then meet in a different temper, for, as I have said, this would create a different and a friendlier atmosphere. Good-will on the Tory side will be met by equal good-will on the Nationalist and Liberal side, subject, of course, to this essential condition, that no Irishman can accept anything which is based on the permanent or the indefinite exclusion of any part of Ulster from Ireland's unity. To give them their due, I do not think that now any Orangeman looks forward to permanent or indefinite exclusion with any more favor than the Irish Nationalists. That hateful policy of cutting up Ireland into two camps and thereby helping to stereotype the hideous sectarianism which is the curse of Ireland finds hostility as fierce in the inner hearts of thousands even of Ulster Covenanters as in those of their Nationalist fellow countrymen. When temper has cooled, I am tempted to believe that a plebiscite in even the four counties where the Unionists are in a majority might have unexpected results."

The other side is stated by Mr. Charles E. Hands in the *London Daily Mail*. Mr. Hands is a war correspondent, and reported the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and the Russo-Japanese War for *The Daily Mail*. But he finds that in Ireland all is peaceful. The settlement of the land question in

Ireland by which the Irish farmer obtains a freehold piece of land and is no longer harassed by the agents of absentee property-owners seems to have allayed the political rancor which prevailed before the days of Parnell between the Irish and the English. Such is the impression which he derived from a conversation with some of the inhabitants of south and western Ireland. He tells us that the farmers are really too well off to bother their heads about abstract political questions. They have really now no grievance to complain of. Ireland is naturally a country of considerable fertility. The climate in the south is not severe. The crops are good. The Irishman could now leave politics to the Parliament at Westminster or at Dublin, and run the even tenor of his own life contented with his farm. The Irish clergy are equally well satisfied. On these points Mr. Hands speaks as follows:

"Everywhere I went I was told one thing, and told it both by Nationalists and Unionists, that they are doing well. There is more money in the country than ever there was. They want to be left alone to make the best of it all. Why, the hats their daughter wear would take the sight out of your eyes, and you will see men now with their side-cars or traps who could hardly afford a donkey-cart in the old days. They do not want things altered."

Business men in Ireland complain that the Irish people are actually becoming incensed by the obtrusion of the Home-Rule question upon their notice. To quote:

"Business people in the towns express views which, however, have to be considered in relation to the curious fact that throughout the south and west of Ireland the principal business people are for the most part Unionists."

"If they had only let us alone for a few years more," said a



A CLEAR COURSE.

—Daily News and Leader (London).

and that is that the freeholder farmer, having now his desires satisfied, has lost most of his interest in politics. In Galway a Nationalist told me it is almost impossible to get a farmer who has obtained the freehold of his farm to put his hand in his pocket for a subscription to any political organization. They are Nationalists still, he said, in theory and in name; but they will not put their names down on subscription lists, nor will many of them attend political meetings. 'Even the priests are finding,' he said, 'that they do not give the same "show of milk" that they used to in the agrarian days. And why would they trouble themselves now?' he went on. 'They have got all they want and more than they ever hoped for for themselves, so why would they trouble about anything else? They are doing well. There is more money in the country than ever there was. They want to be left alone to make the best of it all. Why, the hats their daughter wear would take the sight out of your eyes, and you will see men now with their side-cars or traps who could hardly afford a donkey-cart in the old days. They do not want things altered.'"



MR. ASQUITH—"In you go, Billy, and mind you be careful with that light."

—Weekly Chronicle (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).

big business man in Sligo, 'we should have settled down to be a prosperous people. After the South-African War, tho you in England may not know it, the old animosities softened down and old opponents were getting along together on very friendly terms. If they would only have let us alone for a time everything would have been easy. But they bring up this wretched Home Rule again to set us once more by the ears.'

On this point he relates the following charming anecdote:

"In County Wexford I met a delightful old parish priest, loved to the highest degree of a good man's ambition by the people of his agricultural parish. He was a lifelong Nationalist, of course. He had two pet dogs in his house which were as friendly as himself. 'I am surprised that they should have anything to say to an Englishman,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'for they are Irish dogs and don't like Englishmen.' Then he put them through a little performance to show their political opinions. He placed two lumps of sugar on the floor, and, composing his benevolent face to as stern a look as he could force upon it and hardening with an effort his kindly voice to a forbidding tone, told his dogs it was English sugar. The intelligent creatures, of course, knew better than to touch it. They wagged their tails and looked up at him expectantly.

"He repeated once or twice that it was English sugar, and then, relaxing his voice and countenance into smiling encouragement, said, 'Irish sugar, Irish sugar,' and the dogs had the lumps in a jiffy. Then by way of showing that his pets were interested also in foreign politics, he told me how when a French priest visited him he translated the tricks into 'Sucre allemand' and 'Sucre français,' and showed me how he did it. Then another priest came to visit him and the conversation turned on the uncertainty of the course of politics. 'I hope there will be peace,' he said; 'bloodshed would be too terrible.' 'There must be peace,' said the other priest."

The drill-masters find it hard to interest the prosperous and contented farmers in raising armed forces to fight for Home Rule, we are assured:

"There are signs that the organizers are at work preparing manifestations in support of Home Rule, but I was told that it will be very difficult to work up any very effective demonstrations of farmers. The National Volunteer movement is being energetically pushed forward, but for the most part is meeting with indifferent success. Moderate Nationalists regard it as a danger to a Home-Rule settlement.

"I encountered none at all of the old Separatist Nationalism. It is to be found, doubtless, but it does not obtrude itself as it used. But I found among Nationalists of moderate views a new cause for desiring a Dublin Parliament. 'We want a Parliament of our own,' a southern county official said, 'before we are led into a lot of wildcat legislation that we do not want by the mad Parliament at Westminster.'"

The Home-Rule Bill is thus summarized in the press:

Ireland is to have at Dublin a Senate of 40 members and a House of Commons of 164 members.

The Irish Parliament can not legislate on peace or war, navy, army, or any naval or military force, foreign relations, trade outside of Ireland except certain defined taxation, coinage or legal tender.

It can not make any law, either directly or indirectly, to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage.

Temporary restrictions are placed on legislation on land purchases, old-age pensions, national insurance, labor exchanges, Royal Irish Constabulary, post-office and other savings-banks, and friendly societies.

The Executive remains vested in the Sovereign or in his representative.

Forty-two members still will be sent from Ireland to the House of Commons.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to give the final decision as to the constitutional validity of any Act passed by the Irish Parliament.

The Irish Exchequer to defray the cost of the Irish administration, except for reserved services mentioned above.

The Imperial Exchequer to pay an annual sum to the Irish Exchequer, starting at \$2,500,000, and eventually, after six years, becoming a permanent payment of \$1,000,000 annually.

JAPAN'S INSURGENT PREMIER

JAPAN has been represented as ruled by two powerful "clans"; but the new Premier belongs to neither. He is not even one of the "elder statesmen"; in fact, he denounces them. In name at least he does not head any political party, and a majority in Parliament are against him. Yet he was summoned by the Mikado to take up the reins of government at the age of seventy-six, after fifteen years of retirement, and has succeeded in forming a cabinet. The very fact that Count Okuma steps into the political arena free from the shackles which encumbered the previous politicians who failed to form cabinets, seems to make his ministry exceedingly popular and enlist for him the sympathy of the masses. When the veteran statesman obeyed the imperial order to organize a cabinet, the press were so enthusiastic as to regard him as the "political savior" of Japan. Later the editorial enthusiasm seemed to cool somewhat, as the Count had to include in his cabinet two or three statesmen who were lieutenants of the late Prince Katsura and who were supposed to have bureaucratic "flavor." Yet Okuma, himself is supremely sanguine of his ability to dominate his ministry, and to make it truly representative of popular wishes. Just how firmly he is determined to accomplish this aim may be judged from the following statement which the new Premier issued to the press:

"Judged from its personnel, the new ministry may seem unsatisfactory, but I want you to understand that this is an Okuma Cabinet, a cabinet which will be under the complete control of Okuma. You have heard of the old adage, 'Under a valiant general there is no cowardly soldier.' The new Cabinet under my leadership will, first of all, endeavor to break the wall of bureaucracy. The bureaucracy is in itself an evil institution, but when it became an ally of the majority party, the Constitutionalists, its evils became greater than ever."

Okuma's criticism of the elder statesmen is equally severe. "What are the elder statesmen?" he asks contemptuously, and he tells us what they are:

"The *genro*, or elder statesmen, in their younger days, were, like myself, ardent patriots, who were ready to sacrifice their all and even themselves for the sake of the state. But times have changed. The progress of our country in the past few decades has been so rapid that the elder statesmen have been left behind and have become sadly out of date in their ideas and principles. To-day it is with a mingled feeling of pity and disgust that I hear some people talk of the elder statesmen as tho they were an incarnation of wisdom and foresight. Think of Marshal Prince Yamagata, Marshal Prince Oyama, Prince Matsukata, and Marquis Inouye. These elder statesmen were, in the early days of the New Nippon, my comrades and associates, but to-day I can see in them nothing but the pale shadows of their former selves. To be sure, they are the same patriots that they were years back, but they fail to understand that the Japan of to-day is not the Japan of twenty or thirty years ago."

If Count Okuma were to undertake all the reforms which the press expect, his task would indeed be Herculean. The *Jiji*, for one, wants to revise the civil-service regulations so as to appoint able men to higher governmental posts without examination. This, it asserts, is imperative in order to abolish the evils of the bureaucracy, for the latter is the natural outcome of the rigid civil-service law. Then the *Jiji* wants to see civilians in the portfolios of War and the Navy. A radical departure as this may be from the long-established custom, it is, the journal believes, inevitable in the cleansing of the Navy and the promotion of efficiency and economy in the administration of military affairs. Other Tokyo journals, such as the *Nichi-nichi*, the *Yorodzo*, the *Hochi*, and the *Asahi*, urge the Okuma Cabinet to purge the Navy of all undesirable elements and to free the country from the arbitrary conduct of the majority party, the Constitutionalists.

By far the greatest obstacle to the Okuma Cabinet will come from the opposition of the Constitutional party, which occupies

199 seats out of 381 seats in the lower house. Even if the Count succeeds in rallying under his standard all the minor political factions, Kokuminto, Doshi-kai, Chu-sei-kai, and the independents, his forces in the house will be smaller than those of the opposition party. It is forecast by the Japanese editors that Okuma will have to dissolve the house and appeal directly to the people in a general election.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

IMPATIENCE AT VERA CRUZ

A STORM of indignation, according to *The Mexican Herald* (Vera Cruz), is raging in that city at Mr. Bryan's method of handling the Mexican situation.

"We do grieve," it says, "to see misfits in the high places of our Government whose vaulting ambition would transform a nation into a great world Power with an army and navy like those of Switzerland. We marvel that Mr. Bryan has never had the bright and original idea of building a Chinese Wall around our little old United States." This paper asks whether "anonymous intervention" is to follow "undesignated war," and observes that the United States is now face to face with a responsibility that may be tremendous in its consequences, but has tied its own hands by an armistice. To quote further:

"Sooner, even, than we had anticipated it, the voluntary act of the United States in forging its own shackles, after it was embarked in war, has resulted in disastrous nullification of the advantage gained through a tribute of blood at Vera Cruz.

"We fail to appreciate the binding nature of any obligation, moral or legal, that must cause us to sit supinely idle and witness the consummation of the very act that so recently we engaged in bloody conflict to prevent.

"We are not jingoistic by nature, but we long for some evidence, among our chosen leaders, of the red blood of our ancestors, of the spirit that will fight for right regardless of might, in the interest of justice, humanity, and civilization.

"The forbearance of strength becomes the excuse of the poltroon if carried to the extreme of permitting crimes to go unpunished, our citizens to be maltreated without redress, and our authority flaunted without chastisement."

Speaking sarcastically of mediation, *The Herald* remarks:

"It is not to be intervention; Uncle Sam simply is to be made receiver, cashier, errand boy, general manager, political boss, and sentry, but that's good enough for us.

"We can not see that real and acknowledged intervention would add much to his responsibilities, and under such a scheme we are willing to resume a short shift with Watchful Waiting, which we have decided to give a society *nom de plume* of Damnful Dallying."

WHITE PEONS IN SOUTH AMERICA

UNDER the heading, "A Warning," the South-American specialist, John H. Harris, tells us that in the out-of-the-way places of southern Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, or Central Africa the white peon or slave lives, moves, and has his being. "Is your brother, cousin, or former school-mate a peon in some distant region?" he asks in the *London Morning Chronicle*, and adds that "if you do not know, find out, and you may yet save him from a tragic end." He quotes Mr. Fuller, an American consul, as explaining the art of "baiting the peon" and "the way of capturing white peons." He says that the employer makes it his chief object to keep the peon in his debt and to inflate it by compound interest and fines until there is no way of escape either for the peon, his wife, his

children, or even his children's children. And he makes the following quotation from a letter recently received by him from a British subject who had been fortunate enough to escape from the toils of white peonage:

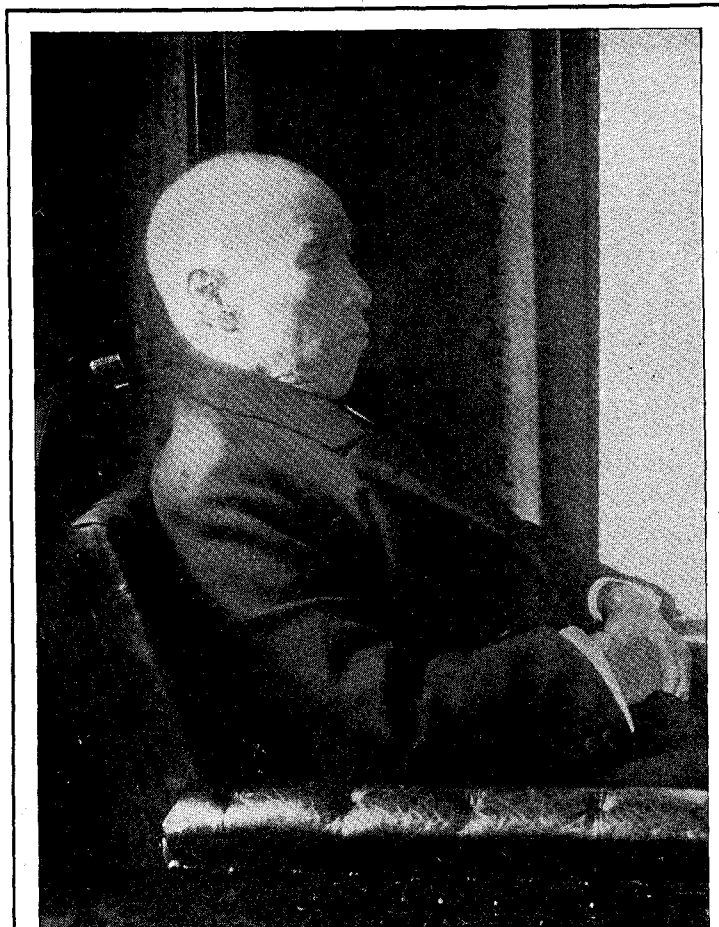
"I was a peon. From this day on, my life was a living hell, and it must not be wondered at that for a while I lost all hope of ever becoming a decent member of society again. Others are not so fortunate, and are to-day still held in debt bondage, while others again have ended their lives under tragic circumstances."

The method of capturing the white peons is thus detailed:

"But by what bait are these young men caught and ultimately drawn into the web of the unscrupulous exploiter of the tropics? The gaudy blankets, those pots, pans, and cutlasses which attract the simple Indians have their parallel in the seductive advertisements of the European and American capitals. Offers of high wages, rapid advancement coupled with oil and rubber 'booms,' are dangled before

the eyes of youths who, pulsating for adventure, greedily respond. All unsuspecting, they sign away their freedom, never counting the cost of living and travel in countries where protective duties change the value of a sixpenny tin of salmon to half a crown, and a three-guinea suit of clothes to three times that sum. The history and accounts of certain of these young men have come into my possession; here is the story of one—a Britisher.

"A Lancashire man of some thirty summers, married to a charming wife, sees an advertisement of a position which he rightly guesses he is eminently fitted to occupy. His application is favorably received; he is interviewed, approved, and offered the post at a comfortable salary rising in three years to nearly double that upon which he and his wife are then living so happily, if carefully. The employer, who had, of course, advanced passage and outfit, inserted a clause that in the event of any breach of contract, or other untoward circumstance, the employee must refund all moneys expended. Three months later the healthy young Britisher reaches his destination in the Amazonian valley, already weakened in health by travel and fever, heavily in debt to his employers, with a supply of provisions,



UNDERTAKING AT 76 TO REFORM JAPAN.

Count Okuma declares the "Elder Statesmen" out of date and begins a war on the Japanese bureaucracy.

so inadequate and unpalatable that he is plunged still deeper into debt by purchasing the food and clothing necessary to keep body and soul together. Escape is impossible, for he has no means to pay his return passage, and his nearest friends are 5,000 miles away—as well cry to the moon for succor."

RUSO-GERMAN WAR-TALK

BISMARCK used to say that "every country must, in the long run, pay for the windows broken by its newspapers," and German windows are at present being pelted with missiles from the newspaper offices of Russia. In his recent speech before the Reichstag, Secretary of State Von Jagow complained that for some time past a comparatively small and somewhat loud-voiced section of the Russian press has been exciting an anti-German feeling, which has led to a systematic campaign against Germany. The Secretary of State added that those who have been instrumental in stirring up public dislike for Germany need scarcely be surprised if the woods reecho the cry sounded into them. It must be added, however, that some of the more responsible Russian newspapers, notably the well-known *Russkiya Viedmosti* (Moscow), thus comments on Mr. Von Jagow's remarks:

"We admit that there is much truth in the statements of the German Secretary of State. It would be a good thing for Russian public opinion if the various newspapers responsible for the charges made against them would submit themselves to a searching self-examination. There is no hatred of Germany in Russia, but only a certain amount of friction arising from economic causes, such as the tariff and other hindrances to free trade relations between the two countries."

In his statement before the Duma at St. Petersburg the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Sazonoff, remarked in regard to the German and Russian relations:

"Russia continues to seek the maintenance of the old friendly relations with Germany. On several occasions it has recently seemed as if these relations might become clouded, and if undesirable consequences have been avoided it was owing to the friendly endeavors of both Governments, which have not, unfortunately, always met with due support from the press on both sides of the frontier. It is unwise to alarm the public without proper cause, and it is sometimes dangerous. It is therefore desirable that the German as well as the Russian press desist from barren controversy and discuss questions affecting the two countries in a calmer spirit."

Mr. Sazonoff concluded his discussion of this point by declaring that much of the irritation arising from economic and tariff questions would probably be diminished by the new commercial treaty between Russia and Germany, which they were on the point of concluding.

The *Continental Correspondence* (Berlin), which to some extent represents the opinion of the German Government, blames the Russian Government for not suppressing or punishing those

papers which excite the ill-feeling against Germany which might result in disaster. And we read:

"The Russian Government could, if it liked, easily suppress any campaign of this kind, as, in the case of home affairs, it frequently and very successfully brings pressure of this kind to bear. But, of course, it is a well-known fact that the burking of the press in matters concerning home policy is frequently atoned for by allowing it absolute liberty to criticize the attitude and conduct of neighboring States. Furthermore, there exists the fact that, in an autocratic country like Russia, the powers that be are more or less inclined to regard the press as a negligible quantity. From this point of view, the Russian Government and its advisers still hold opinions that became obsolete a score of years ago. Since Russia became a constitutional country, the influence and power of the press have greatly increased, and it can not be regarded as unimportant that certain sections of the Russian newspaper world should systematically try to create ill-feeling against Germany."



A RUSSIAN SUN-BATH.

—© Ull (Berlin).

we find the following paragraph:

"In case of war with Russia it is evident that the great aim and object of Germany in order to strengthen her position in the east would be the conquest of the Baltic governments."

A short time ago the *Novoye Vremya* accused Germany of seeking to annex the provinces bordering on the Baltic, and in the same paper several provocative articles have appeared in which the loyalty of the German Baltic population was held in doubt. Another Russian paper, the *Semshschina*, puts in the plea that Russia is desirous above all things of permanent peace on account of the expenses incurred in the Balkan War and in quelling her domestic disturbances. To quote further:

"Russia needs this peace in order to promote in quiet the needed reforms in her government; but is permanent peace possible so long as we are the allies of an enemy of Germany who is always thinking of a *revanche*?"

Speaking on the question of Germany's increased armaments and the necessity for Russia's preparations against them, the *Ryetch* in its leading article speaks as follows:

"It would be only prudent if in this critical condition of affairs the Duma should look to the leaders of foreign diplomacy and give them to understand

that there are especial grounds in foreign affairs which need prompter and more liberal expenditure of money in order to meet the probability of conflict."

But at the same time it bids the Ministry remember the advice of a Vienna paper to Count Berchtold: "A minister who comes with a request for milliards must not play the master over his parliamentary judges."—Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

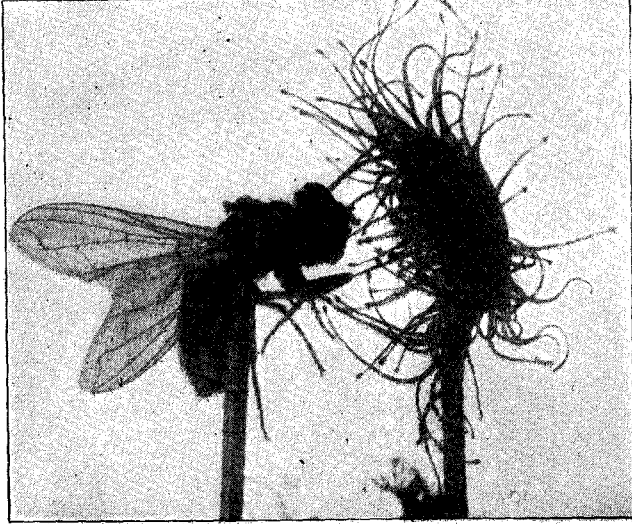
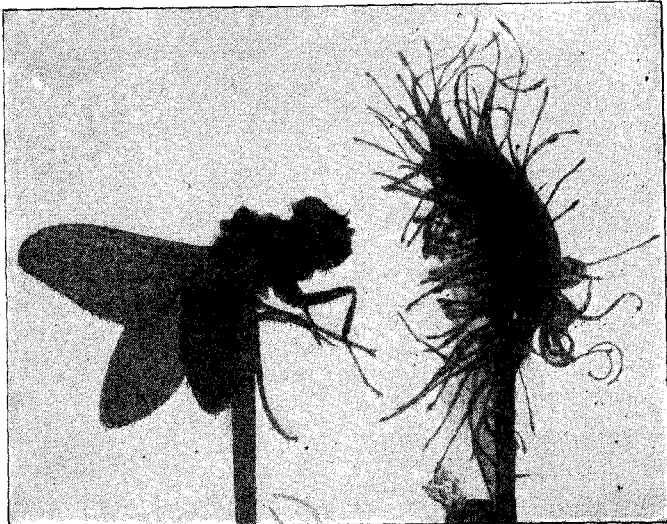


THE GERMAN CANNONADE.

"Just imagine how scared my neighbor is!"

—*Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg).

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



WHEN A FLY IS PLACED BEFORE A SUNDEW LEAF, THE LEAF REACHES FOR THE FLY WITH ITS TENTACLES.

A STRANGE SENSE IN PLANTS

WITHOUT EYES, ears, or a sense of smell, so far as we know, plants are apparently affected by the presence of objects that do not directly touch them.

In the case of animals, objects produce this effect through the well-known senses, but it is hardly probable that plants have any of these, altho the discovery of lenses, analogous to those of the eye, in the leaves of some plants, was recently described in these columns. Yet they must have some faculty nearly akin to ours, as is clearly shown by the experiments described by S. Leonard Bastin in *The Scientific American* (New York, May 16). We know now, Mr. Bastin asserts, that plants are able to "feel objects at a distance." That is to say, they act as if they were aware of the presence of a certain thing, even tho they may not be in contact at all. He gives as follows a few of the most startling cases which have come under notice:

"Everybody knows that the sundew catches flies. The leaves of this plant are, of course, covered with tentacles which, being very sensitive, close in round the captive. But the foliage of the sundew has another remarkable characteristic. If a fly is fixt about half an inch from any of the leaves, a most astonishing thing happens. After a short interval it is seen that the sundew leaf has moved perceptibly toward its victim. Soon the cruel tentacles have actually reached the unhappy fly and are seen to be slowly moving round their prey. There is now no chance to escape, and with every moment the fate of the insect becomes more certain. A few feeble wriggles and the fly is dead. When one comes to think of it, it is very strange that a plant should be able to go in pursuit of its prey in the manner indicated. Some plants are very unscrupulous; unable to secure a living on their own account, they prey upon the more

hard-working of their fellows. Such is the dodder, a most virulent parasite, which, apart from the first few weeks of its existence, has no roots or leaves and exists as a blood-sucker on other plants. The seed of the dodder germinates in the soil, and from this arises a curious threadlike growth. Now it is of vital importance that the young dodder should be able to seize hold of some suitable host, such as a clover-plant, for

instance. It is strange to watch the manner in which this threadlike growth works in and out through the grass stalks, seeking for a victim. When it comes within a certain distance of a clover-plant the dodder grows forward at a very rapid pace until a hold is secured. Even the sturdiest plant must go down before the attacks of the cruel parasite. The threadlike shoot is, within a few weeks, multiplied by the thousand, and from every point are produced suckers which draw away the life-giving sap.

"In much the same way the tendrils of climbing plants show quite clearly that they can feel things at a distance. A young pea-plant which was used in an experiment proved to be astonishingly clever in this respect. A stick was placed near the plant at a distance of two inches, and during the few hours which followed a very strange thing happened. The tendril, which at first was held between the

leaflets, where it had been developed, dropt down to a horizontal position. This was, of course, merely a matter of growth, but it was almost at once followed by a very decided movement of the tendril toward the stick. Finally, the whole of the upper shoot of the plant leaned over, meanwhile the tip of the tendril was busy making sure of its hold. One could not very well get away from the idea that the tendril knew, if the word is permissible, that a support was within reach."

Sometimes, Mr. Bastin goes on to say, plants find themselves in awkward situations like that of a hazel-bush that grew in



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Scientific American."

HOW DID THE FERN KNOW?

By some curious, unknown sense it sent down a root on the outside of the pot to the water in the saucer.

the upper part of an old willow-tree, and ultimately needed more room for its roots. It therefore very sensibly started to send out roots to the soil beneath. These traveled downward through the hollow trunk of the willow, and finally reached the ground, twelve feet below. Another strange tale, from South Africa, tells of a trailing cactus on a galvanized-iron roof, through which at one point rust had eaten its way. As soon as the stem

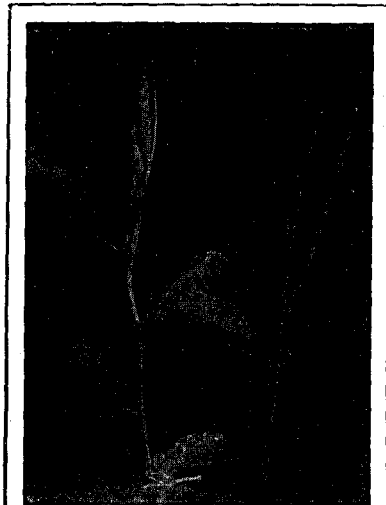
of the cactus reached this point it at once started to send down an immense quantity of roots, through the hole to the ground beneath, a distance of nine feet. How on earth, asks Mr. Bastin, could the plant know that it would reach the ground at the end of the journey through the air? He goes on:

"A few years ago some plants of the tropical creeper known as *monstera* were established in a greenhouse. These plants are very fond of rambling about the roofs of the structure in which they are growing, and

will often send down roots to the ground. In this particular case the plants made no attempt to develop their aerial roots until they were over a large water-tank. Then the roots were produced in abundance, and these traveled down through the atmosphere and finally reached their goal many feet beneath. In another case a little fern sought out some water with an intelligence that seems to be almost uncanny. The plant was growing in a pot, which was kept standing in a saucer; the latter was always well filled with water. Now, one may suppose that the fern did not have a sufficient supply of water to meet its needs in the ordinary way, and it determined to get into touch with that in which the pot was standing. Accordingly, the plant sent down a special root on the outside of the pot to the water in the saucer."

Finally, he quotes the following description of a striking case of root intelligence observed by Dr. Carpenter in 1860:

"In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (the outer layers of which, however, and the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service-tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mold formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground, within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that, as they do not subdivide until they nearly reach the ground, they look like so many small trunks. In the soil, however, toward which they directed themselves, there was a large stone about a foot square, and, had their direction remained unchanged, they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard above the ground they divide, part going to one side, and part to the other; and one of them branches into a fork, of which one leg accompanies one bundle, and one the other; so that on reaching the ground they enclose the stone and penetrate on the two sides of it."



A GAP OF TWO INCHES SEPARATED THE SWEET PEA FROM THE STICK.

SOCIOLOGICAL SPREES

WHAT THE WRITER calls "spree-equivalents" are discussed editorially in *The Medical Times* (New York).

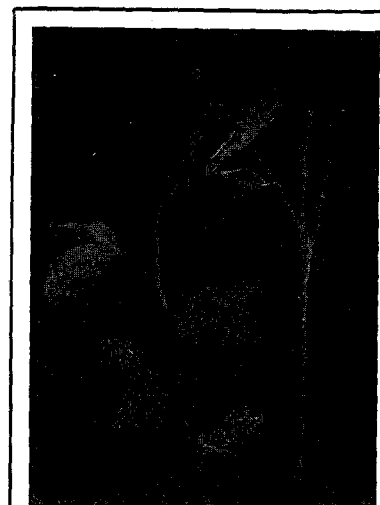
The epileptic or the drunkard, we are informed, may substitute for the fit or the debauch that has seemed necessary to restore his equilibrium certain mental experiences that appear to take their place. Physicians, he says, are beginning to study these "spree-equivalents" with interest. Some of them, it appears, may take the form of sociological debauches or morbid religious intoxication, or even, curiously enough, of temperance propaganda. He goes on to say:

"We have all noted the curious paroxysmal addiction of certain interesting figures in contemporary life to social reform of one sort or another, their efforts sometimes resulting in good, sometimes in evil.

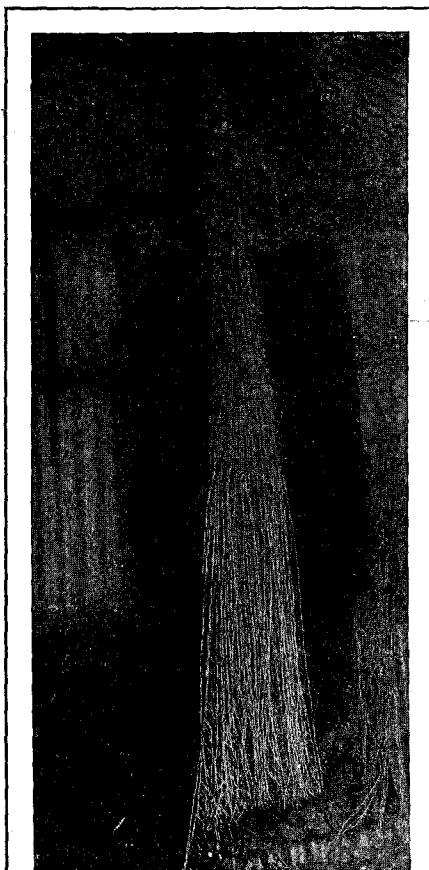
These people experience periodical attacks of psychic unrest which are morbid and due to the same fundamental factors that underlie certain forms of alcoholism. The psychosis is assuaged by dabbings and tinkering with various social conditions, after which the victims resume the even tenor of their way. Doubtless, some of the people who are busying themselves with the sex drama and the sex movies are sufferers. During the attacks there is an intensity of feeling in respect of the particular reform singled out that puts these patients in the sphere of the psychiatric.

"The sociological phenomenon is now more often noted than the religious, since it is the order of the day's constructive thought to postulate a Kingdom of God on earth rather than in the hereafter. Naturally, then, the activities of our paroxysmal manic-fanatics are directed along lines consonant with those of our really responsible and constructive thinkers. However, one meets with many instances of the psychosis in the field of the Church; and some of the queer happenings in Church polity and practise may, undoubtedly, be traced to the activities of psychic debauchees.

"Probably, on the whole, even this jerky use of social fulcras is productive of more good than harm, since the spasmodic agitators in question are more often than not 'highbrows' of essentially good principles and motives. But there is quite a large class of sex agitators who, tho well meaning at bottom, fall into grave errors when psychically intoxicated in the manner described, which, after recovery, are realized and regretted. The commonest error made by these people has recently been exemplified on a large scale in New York, where we have seen them obsessed by the determination to exhibit all the indecencies of sex aberration. Just as the reactionaries in sex matters are satisfied if indecencies are merely kept under cover, so our sociological fanatics wish to display them, whereas the sane view is that there should be no time or place for indecencies, either in the private lives of men and



THE PLANT LEANED OVER AND SECURED A HOLD WITH ITS TENDRILS.



KNOWING ROOTS.

The trailing cactus sent down its roots through a hole in the roof.

women, upon the stage or movie screen, upon photographic plate or the artist's canvas, or in literature.

"The study of that psychiatric type which we have attempted to outline will, at any rate, enable us more rationally to understand, amid the hurly-burly of modern life, the source, character, and meaning of the psychically intoxicated individual's activities. And certainly we can safely say that the psychic equivalents discusst are more wholesome than would be alcoholism itself. Psychic drunkenness is quite a respectable disguise and substitute, whether consciously or unconsciously taken on."

NEWS BY TELEPHONE

THE FAR-FAMED telephone news-service of Budapest, which carries the day's doings by word of mouth directly into the subscriber's house, with no intermediary of pencil, type, and printer's ink, has not yet been copied in this country. That is not to say, however, that we have no telephonic news-service at all. The telephone is now widely used by the public press in gathering and disseminating news, either in the service of individual papers, or in that of widespread press associations, under whose auspices this adjunct to the daily paper has taken on new usefulness. The telephone, in fact, has revolutionized the methods of news-gathering in most of our up-to-date newspaper offices. Hroef Wisby, who writes of "Gathering the News by Use of Long-Distance Telephone," in *Telephony* (Chicago, May 16), asserts that there is probably no profession in the world that has so completely changed its methods of procedure, during the past ten or fifteen years, as has the business of news-getting. The liberal use of the local and long-distance telephone has not only speeded up the business all along the line; it has created an entirely new type of newspaper man. He goes on:

"There are men still at work on Park Row who remember the time when a fire late at night in Harlem was left unrecorded until the issue of the following day. The following, which appeared on the front page of a New York newspaper, is not beyond the memory of the old-timer:

"As we go to press there is discernible from the windows of our office a great red glare in the north which indicates a conflagration of considerable size. A full account of this will appear in to-morrow's issue."

"Nowadays the Harlem 'leg man' would be glued to a telephone, busily engaged in sending a list of dead and injured, long before the glare would be 'discernible' to those in his office. . . .

"The history of press news-service by telephone is like the story of the telephone itself, one of slow growth, lingering development.

"Every one knows how long it took the people of this country to awaken to realization of what the telephone meant. The early struggles of Bell and his associates to give the people what they wanted are frequently cited by those who contend that, as a rule, the people do not know what they want. The popular picture of an editor is that of a man always a little ahead of his times, who is ready to grasp at any innovation that will help speed up his business. But one of the greatest editors of our times fought for years against the introduction of typewriters in his office. The editor, as a matter of fact, has as deep-laid prejudices against anything new and as large a quota of innate inertia in his make-up as the lawyer or doctor.

"The real fight on the part of the telephone people to make the editors of this country take what would do them good began back in 1908. The editors, some of them, protested with the whole-hearted vehemence of the small boy face to face with castor-oil. They were content with the present methods, thank

you. They did not see that their business field had extended far beyond the resources of any one means of communication. They did not want any more telephones in their offices. Once they had called up their wife and had been given the wrong number. The stuff might make them well, but they didn't like the taste.

"Very well," said the telephone men, "we will show you that not only will it make you well, but you will like the taste so much that, before long, you can't get enough of it."

"It was in Ohio at last, far away from Nassau Street, the true home of conservatism—Ohio and the Middle West that is not afraid of a thing because it is new—that the telephone people won their first round of the fight. They got a big press association to put in a telephone news-service. This first service was known in the telephone thesaurus as 'P. N. D.,' and 'P. N. D.' took things by storm. 'Public News Dissemination' by telephone was a new thing under the sun, but it was soon to become mighty popular.

"At a certain hour every day trained men in the offices which took the service put on their head-sets, filled their pipes, and sat down at their typewriters ready for business. Then the voice



LISTENING TO NEWS TOLD 440 MILES AWAY.

New York Press Association taking a story from Pittsburg.

of the man in the news-bureau's office began to tell of marriage and divorce, of love and death, and two-headed hens, of train wrecks and floods, of tornadoes and twins; and, as he talked, the men at their typewriters set down the very latest word of the latest things that this most interesting world was doing. . . .

"The news associations that had hung back looked about them and discovered what the telephone was doing in other professions. They found that in spite of the initial skepticism of railroad men, trains were being dispatched a little better by telephone than they had been by telegraph. Surely, they bethought themselves, if so complicated an operation as train-dispatching can be efficiently handled by telephone, the same thing can be done in the newspaper business, and one by one they came in. . . .

"Soon it was found that further development was possible. News by the P. N. D. process was simply being sent and the receiving end was doing nothing. But one day, just as the evening papers were going to press, a voice came from one of the receiving ends, caught by all the ears at the other receivers, and it said:

"Hold your wires a minute, a murder has just broken out! I'll give you the story."

"Every paper, which took that service, came out with a

clean beat on its rival, and P. N. D. was changed to P. N. T. For the telephone service had become more than mere disseminations and the expression, 'Public News Telephone,' covered the service that worked both ways.

"The chances for a real beat are becoming less and less yearly, but the experienced newspaper man realizes that, in nine cases out of ten, the beats come from the live correspondent who uses the telephone wisely. While his competitor is wasting valuable time in the agonies of composition, he is telling his story over the wire in his own way. He leaves the phrasing of the introduction to the trained writer in the office and has none of the horrors of a struggle with the past participle or the attempt to cram all the news into one sentence.

"The handling of news over the telephone in a systematic way begins, then, with the news-bureau disseminating service,



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WHERE THE NERVE-SAVER IS WANTED.

Perforating cards, in the new style of bookkeeping, "is telling on the nerves of Uncle Sam's helpers, especially those of the female sex."

branches into a service that works both ways, and takes in short-period talking contracts. Alongside of this is the great business done in haphazard fashion in every newspaper office which the telephone companies propose to systematize as far as possible.

"But it is, after all, the broadening of the scope of service that will make particular appeal to the newspaper man. . . . The telephone covers 5,000 more cities and towns than does the post-office and 10,000 more than the railroads. Accessibility of facile means of communication is one of the first requisites of good news service. The correspondent need no longer hesitate to use the long-distance telephone. He knows that behind that telephone is an army of 150,000 working day and night to keep the wires open for his story. He has heard, perhaps, of the standard of efficiency of telephonic organization. When he has the further assurance that there is waiting at the other end of the wire a man trained to the use of the telephone, ready to take down his story as fast as he sends it; he will quickly adapt himself to the new order of efficiency and his value to the paper he serves will be immeasurably enhanced."

ILL. HEALTH FROM NEW HOUSES—New houses, as *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, May 30) reminds us, are constantly offered for rent in large numbers in the United States, and real-estate agents are naturally desirous to fill the houses on their lists with tenants as soon as possible. Which leads it to say:

"Probably a little investigation would show the desirability in this country of requiring a certificate, before families are allowed to move into it, that a new house will not endanger the health of

its occupants. Such municipal regulations are proving valuable in England. Toward the close of 1912 the Portsmouth (England) corporation decided that thereafter no new building intended for human habitation in that borough should be occupied until it had been certified as sanitary in every respect. Dr. A. Mearns Fraser says: 'The principal evil that it will prevent is the occupation of houses before they have had time to dry.' He adds: 'I would far sooner live in a house with defective drainage than in a damp house; the results from the latter are more insidious in their onset and more difficult to overcome. Dampness undoubtedly greatly favors the incidence of consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, heart-disease, and diphtheria. Probably children are more susceptible to the ill effects of damp houses than adults.' The departments of health of our cities might well take up this question. Probably most American municipalities already have the legal power necessary to require such certificates, and the question is only one of making the regulation and establishing the custom."

WANTED: AN ELECTRIC NERVE-SAVER

TWO-THIRDS of the bookkeeping in certain clerical and statistical departments of the United States Government is already being done by electricity; and the Government is now ambitious to take care of the remaining third in the same way, for the nerves of those who are now doing it by hand are likely to give way. The bookkeeping in question is done by punching holes in cards, in a way that has come extensively into use in the compilation of financial, vital, and industrial statistics. The sorting and tabulating of the punched cards are already done by electricity, but the holes are still made by hand; and it is this operation that is telling on the nerves of Uncle Sam's helpers, especially those of the female sex. Says a contributor to *Popular Electricity and the World's Advance* (Chicago, June):

"The United States Government would be glad to find a simple, dependable means of operating electrically the card-punching machines which have come into such extensive use for clerical and statistical purposes. These are at present operated by hand, much on the same plan that a typewriter is operated, but with an expenditure, it is claimed, of much more muscular and nervous force than is required in the case of a writing-machine.

"These card-punching machines form one of the units in the equipment for bookkeeping by machinery—the twentieth-century method of keeping accounts that is rapidly displacing, in all large business establishments, the time-honored figure of the man bending over a ponderous ledger. Only, as it happens, the card-punching portion of the work is the only one of the three main steps in this new-fangled bookkeeping that necessitates the expenditure of energy sufficient to tax the strength. The tabulating of the punched cards and the sorting of these cards are done well-nigh automatically by remarkable electrically operated machines. In other words, it is already 'electrical bookkeeping' two-thirds of the way, and it is now the ambition to make it electrical bookkeeping all the way.

"By the irony of fate, too, the tabulating and sorting of the cards in which tasks electricity bears the brunt of the burden are conducted by men, whereas the card-punching where manual labor unassisted is involved is almost exclusively in the hands of women. At least that is the practise in the government offices which rank as the world's largest users of this new form of bookkeeping and also in many large railroad offices and other business beehives.

"Some of the women who are engaged in pounding all day long the keys of these card-punching machines have complained to the United States Public Health Service that their nerves are affected, and accordingly this branch of the Government has taken up the problem of finding means to make electricity do a portion of the work. There are already some electrically operated card-punching machines in existence, but, for one reason or another, they have not been adopted in the quarters whence comes this present demand.

"The Federal health experts began to give serious attention to this subject when operators complained of sore fingers due to the pressure required to depress the numbered keys of the punching-machine. In some instances the soreness that at first appeared in the fingers spread to the arm and shoulder and other

symptoms of nervousness followed, whereas it is said that in some instances there have occurred complete nervous breakdowns which have been attributed directly or indirectly to such causes.

"Many of the young women who are now operating these card-machines have resorted to the expedient of depressing the keys with the blunt end of a lead pencil instead of with the tip of the fingers, but this is not an ideal solution of the difficulty and, moreover, it decreases the capacity of the operative. It is no slight chore, as may be imagined, to punch 2,500 of these cards—a normal average daily stunt for an operative—and the tax upon muscle and nerve tissue is the more severe from the fact that in the manipulation of these keys, unlike those of a typewriter, it is necessary to do practically all of the work with the right hand."

DIAGNOSING FIFTH-CENTURY DISEASES

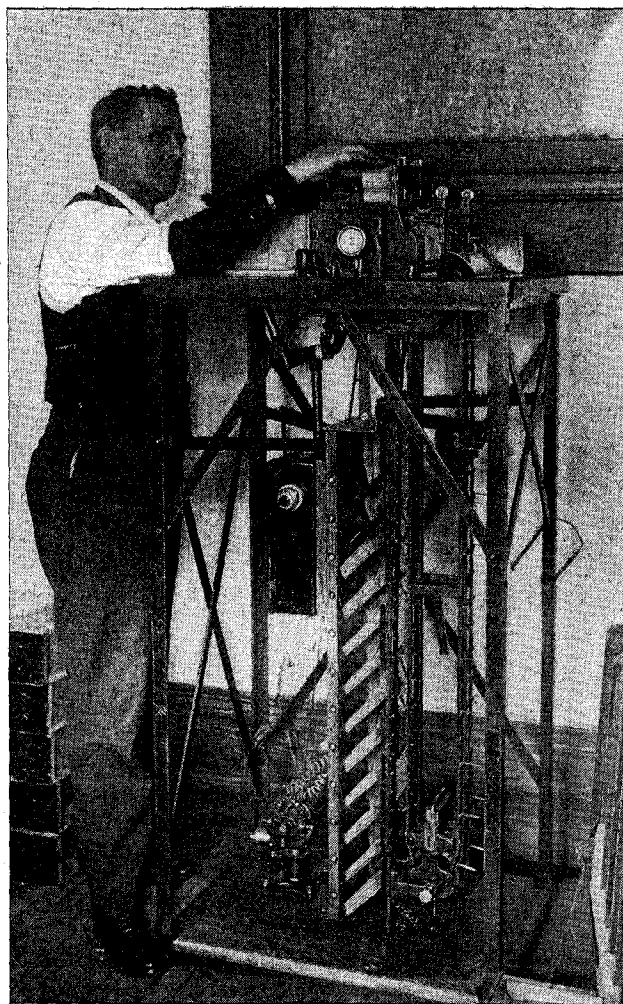
THE LATEST INSTANCE of medical specialization would appear to be in the diseases of mummies—or possibly we should say, of the gentlemen and ladies who have been mummies for the past fourteen or fifteen centuries. In *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) is published an interesting account of the work of Dr. Ruffer in the examination of a large number of recently discovered mummies in Egypt. The conditions of custom and climate which have preserved the mummies of old Egypt make it possible to compare the defects produced by disease with the manifestations of diseases of the present day. Such investigations have already contributed important facts to the history of medicine, says the paper named above:

"The perfect preservation of many of the bodies which have become available in Egypt is remarkable. The peculiarities of real mummies are widely known. Coptic bodies which have recently been examined by Ruffer belong to a somewhat different class. They came from Antinoë in Upper Egypt; and dated from the fifth to sixth century. They were therefore from about 1,400 to 1,500 years old. They had undergone no artificial process except that, at one time, they have been covered with salt. The real preservative had been the dry Egyptian sand in which they had originally been buried enclosed in wooden coffins. Never having been disturbed by the embalmer, the organs were all in position, and the bodies contained no resin, gum, or any materials such as mud, sand, rags, etc., generally used in old Egypt for packing the body after removal of the organs. In our environment, where special precautions are necessary to preserve the body from decay, it is surprising to hear that microscopic sections from these bodies made fifteen hundred years after death show the minute structures of the glands in a remarkably fine state of preservation, or to learn that the lobes of the brain and some of the convolutions were recognizable and that the fibers and valves of the heart could be made out. Ruffer points out the occurrence of tubercular disease of the spine among ancient Copts as one more proof that the disease has existed from the remotest times and is independent of climate. It has been found in bodies buried close to the Mediterranean shores, in bodies from Upper Egypt and Nubia, and even in a skeleton buried in the tropics at Merawi, one of the hottest and driest places in the world. Judging from two cases of enlarged spleen which were found in Coptic bodies, Ruffer ventures the suggestion that these people suffered from malaria.

"Pyorrhea appears to be as old as the human race. Evidence of such disease has been found in prehistoric skulls and in the specimens from almost all nationalities. Ruffer has found nothing to suggest that the Copts knew anything about dentistry. The long-recognized bad state of the teeth of ancient Egyptians is again emphasized in the Coptic bodies. Almost every skull has some serious dental defect. It is suggested that this may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that very little care of the teeth appears to have been taken. The thick incrustations of tartar are sufficient evidence that the Copts did not clean their teeth at all. In many peoples and animals the absence of the tooth-brush is compensated for by the fact that the food is hard, fibrous, and raw, requiring a good deal of chewing, which mechanically cleans the teeth. In ancient Coptic times this does not appear to have been the case. Ruffer concludes that the Copts of Antinoë lived chiefly on cooked soft food, chewed without effort."

ROPE AS STRONG AS STEEL

MANILA ROPE is as strong as solid bar steel, weight for weight, whereas a leather belt is less than 40 per cent. as strong, compared in the same way. For equal cross-sections, however, manila is only 11½ per cent. as strong as steel, and leather is but 5 per cent. as strong. These facts are stated in *Power* (New York), which adds, after a brief



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THE MEN'S NERVES ARE NOT AFFECTED.
Because their machines are run by electric power.

review of the antiquity of the rope, which dates back some 5000 years, at least:

"The relative efficiency of manila rope and leather belting for the transmission of power is not directly proportional to their respective strengths, however, as the internal construction of a hemp rope and a strip of leather differ greatly and very differently by wear. Manila fibers, from which the rope is manufactured, are usually from 8 to 10 feet in length, are composed of elongated cells that possess great strength longitudinally, but are comparatively weak transversely. Leather, on the other hand, is about equally strong in any direction, so that the wear on such a belt is mostly external. In a manila rope the wear is largely internal, the elongated fiber cells being crushed together when passing around a sheave and breaking up into short pieces. A worn-out manila rope, as far as its strength is concerned, may have the outward appearance of an excellent rope while internally its construction is but a mass of short, broken particles. The allowable working stress of a good leather belt is customarily taken as 320 pounds per square inch, or about 1-10 its tensile strength. In the course of a year or so a manila rope will lose about 50 per cent. of its original strength, after which the weakening becomes more gradual. Under such conditions it is safe to figure on an allowable working stress of about 238 pounds per square inch or 1-32 its tensile strength."

LETTERS AND ART



A BIBLICAL THEME IN A RENAISSANCE SETTING.

This drawing, by J. Simont in *L'Illustration*, shows the principal scene in the new Strauss ballet, "The Legend of Joseph," when that figure, who symbolizes purity and mildness, is seen first by Potiphar's wife, whose court presents the opposite qualities of subtlety, sensuality, and opulence.

JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE IN SUPER-BALLET

IN THE MUSICAL WORLD a new work by Richard Strauss is ranked as of first importance. His latest is an opera-ballet which was given for the first time in Paris by the Russian company under Serge de Diaghileff, and presented a new male dancer taking the place of the much-admired Nijinsky. The scenario of the new work—"The Legend of Joseph"—is the work of Count Harry von Kessler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the latter of whom worked in conjunction with Strauss on "Elektra," "Rosenkavalier," and "Ariadne." The work will soon be seen and heard in London, but there is small hope of its crossing the ocean. The scene, we ascertain from an account of the performance by H. O. Osgood in *Musical America*, is laid in the great hall of the palace of Potiphar. There is a banquet with numerous guests, at which Potiphar and his wife sit at a specially raised table. The further proceedings are recounted by this observer:

"A sheik provides various features for the entertainment of Potiphar and his guests. First some women who dance a bridal dance, expressive of how the bridegroom removes the veils of the bride on the wedding-night; then some boxers, who box to music, a feature which is respectfully recommended to the attention of sporting clubs; then Joseph, the shepherd boy, who is brought in asleep, wrapt up in a hammock, like a hot tamale in its rusk, and waked up to dance, which he does. Potiphar's wife, whom nothing else could arouse from her icy indifference, at once conceives a violent passion for him and rewards him after the dance by hanging a costly necklace about his neck.

"The guests withdraw, and Joseph, wrapping himself in his simple mantle, goes to sleep on a couch which is conveniently standing in the pantry—an 'Aufbewahrungskammer für tafel-

gerät und Kostbarkeiten.' In those days they were not so sanitary as we are.

"In a few minutes Potiphar's wife comes back alone. She admires the sleeping Joseph, wakes him up with her delicate attentions, and finally, unable to restrain herself, kisses him. This gives the child an awful shock. He runs stage front, hiding all his blushes, for there is considerable of him visible in his mantle. But the villain—that is to say, Potiphar's wife—still pursues him. She cuddles him until he finally tires of it, throws off his mantle and repulses her with a gesture. Even then she will not stop. He continues to repulse her coldly, until she flames into fury and attempts to strangle him, but he throws her off without effort. Servants, roused by the noise, rush in; the palace is roused. Potiphar's wife, now in a blaze of hate, denounces him to Potiphar—presumably for having tried to seduce her. Chains are put upon Joseph and preparations made to torture him, but he remains absolutely calm and unmoved. Just at this moment, when things look dubious for him, an archangel comes in and leads him away, Potiphar's wife strangling herself with her necklace. Curtain."

The writer complains of the involved psychology of the piece which puts it outside the possibility of choreographic representation:

"Joseph, for instance, is the simple shepherd boy. That any one may know who sees the ballet. But in his dance he is supposed to express, firstly, the innocence and naiveness of his being; the scenario says, 'the movements show how the pious shepherd boy stands before the face of his God and exhibits to Him, one after another, the purity of all parts of his body, head, breast, hands, and feet. He seems to speak to God: 'See, O God, my body and my heart are blameless before Thee.' In the second figure of his dance he has to express his inner searching

after God, with moments of despair at not being able to find him. In the last figure *Joseph* has found God; his movements must express the praise and glory of God. I defy any dancer in the world to make me understand simply by gestures and movements all those psychological emotions. The spectator who does not know the story sees only a young boy in shepherd costume making various gestures and springing about very gracefully; of course different emotions can be distinguished, but the meaning of them must remain an absolute riddle unless one has the clue in advance. I have pointed this out merely as one particular instance. The emotions which *Potiphar's* wife experiences, except the most obvious of them, are also by far too complicated and too psychological to be expressed by any mere pantomime, no matter how accomplished the artist. It is hard to understand why Strauss steadily continues to work with Von Hofmannsthal as a librettist. Not one of the three works which they have produced together compares at all to Strauss's first two operas, '*Salome*' (Oscar Wilde) and '*Feuersnot*' (Ernst von Wolzogen).

"Now as to the music. Strauss has produced a score full of the splendid workmanship which we always expect from him. The melodic flow is hardly more fluent than in his other works, tho there are some very attractive themes shown in the musical examples appended to this article, but as earnest, genuine music I regard it as superior to anything which he has done since '*Salome*.' There is nothing positively new, nothing that we have not already had from Strauss, but there are a consistency and logical unity throughout which have been wanting in his later stage work. The orchestration is typically Straussian. The violins have a great deal to do away up in the air, and there is much ethereal use of celestas (two), harps (three), in combination with the large and small flutes, triangle, cymbals, etc. Strauss himself conducted, and the orchestra played very well, tho one or two more rehearsals would have been an advantage."

A Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post* finds himself left in a still deeper tangle by the ambitious undertakings of the librettist and composer:

"Never has so great an amount of sheer literature been introduced into a play of any description—to say nothing of a ballet. Certainly the idea of turning to good account the contrast between the sumptuous, sensuous, time-worshipping world of paganism and the stern, idealistic spirit of the Hebraic world was in itself a fine one, and worthy of exhaustive treatment. But when it comes to make of *Joseph*, as Count Kessler explains in the preface to the published score, 'a mystical being, whose secret is that of growth and of transmutation (*de la croissance et du devenir*, says the text); whose holiness is that of creating and of begetting; whose perfection is that of things which have not yet been; who is a deity of springtime, inaccessible, intangible, impenetrable in his flowering; who, being a deity, knows neither pity nor desire'—and of *Potiphar's* wife, something equally complex and abstract, a woman at first cold, absolutely surfeited and caring for nothing, then roused to desire by a confused perception of the divine which she can not conquer, ruined because she vainly attempts to destroy the divine, torn to shreds by the conflict between pudicity, passion, anger, pride, superstition: then one may well marvel, and wonder how much of all that is actually expressed outside the preface and how much remains merely intentional.

"Without touching the most debated question of the merits and shortcomings of Dr. Strauss's conception of music, for the present it does not appear that the score of '*Joseph*' belongs to the best of the composer's output. One can but realize that the motives are mostly commonplace and conventional in design and in rhythm. Of course one must take into account the brilliant, efficient scoring, and the wonderful sense of effect displayed in this work as well as in the foregoing. And no doubt on the whole Dr. Strauss's admirers will find enough to admire in '*Joseph*.' The staging by M. Michael Fokine, the costumes by M. Leon Bakst, and the decoration by M. J.-M. Sert are extremely effective. From the theatrical point of view an excellent idea has been to situate the play not in its proper ethnological atmosphere, but in the gorgeous Venetian frame adopted by Veronese and his school in their Biblical paintings. The result is magnificent and thoroughly pleasing. But here again there is, we are told, more in this selection than meets the eye. 'Too scrupulous an accuracy,' Count Kessler said in an interview published by the musical periodical *S. I. M.*, 'can but end by impeding the freedom of imagination. A narrowly restricted field would have prevented the action from acquiring its more general purport.'"

A JAR FOR THE PUBLISHER

THERE IS an old-time legend of a man whose head was cut off by a thin, keen blade that severed his neck but left the head in place. The victim went about as usual until somebody jarred him; then he was surprised to find his head rolling on the floor. In such case is the book-publishing business so far as it deals with novels, according to one who regards himself a successful writer. He puts himself in the Jack London school, without, however, claiming equal emoluments. But he makes as high as \$12,000 a year from periodicals, receiving for "one short story more than 90 per cent. of the novelists receive for a book." The writer is no cynic, nor does he believe himself a neglected genius. Apparently all he desires is to cause the book-publisher's head to roll on the floor, and to do this he makes some intimate confessions to the editor of the New York *Sun*, beginning first with the tale of his six books:

"The first two made me a reasonable amount of money, as my publishers were not only honest but good business men. The last four have got me in debt over \$1,200, tho two of them were advertised extensively by disinterested people. I think the account might be instructive. I will quote just one example:

Advance on delivery of manuscript.	\$400.00
Terms, 10 per cent.	
Price a volume, \$1	
Number printed, 1,000 copies	
Cash demanded from me on second serial rights, 50 per cent.	187.50
Net to author for total rights and sales	\$212.50
Less extra charges by publisher	107.35
	\$105.15
Less charges of agent	47.95
Profit to writer	\$57.20

"In other words, the publisher did not get out a first edition which would pay me royalties enough to cover the advance. This is a frequent trick and one that few writers can successfully meet. Owing to the mixed-up fashion in which the 'deals' are carried through, usually with an intermediate agent who must curry favor with the publisher, the author finds that the average cost a volume to him is something over \$100."

The contrast between this and his \$12,000 a year from periodical publication impels him to "make a few remarks which may help others to see where the bread and butter is":

"First, there are several magazines in America which will pay from \$3,000 to \$12,000 for the serial rights of a good novel. I have known of novels that brought as high as \$18,000 just for these rights, and I presume that certain authors of great reputation command as high as \$30,000. This is more than a best seller could possibly earn to-day, except in exceptional cases.

"It is natural to ask why a magazine can pay an author more than any publisher can. The answer is simple. The book-publishing business is run on the same principles that the old Erie Canal was. The Erie Canal is now the home of the sunfish and the frog. By pure force of an impetus given it years ago the book-publishing business is still going in this country.

"The fault lies in the distributing of printed books. Let us take a concrete case. Marie Acetanilid Jones writes '*Lost Angels*.' She has already done pretty well in the magazines, and she receives a \$250 advance from Frog & Fish, who contract with her on the basis of 10 per cent. for the first 3,000 copies and 15 per cent. on all over that, the net price to be \$1.25. Frog & Fish print and bind 2,000 copies, leaving Marie in debt \$50 if all are sold. Then they go to the jobbers and dispose of what they can. The jobbers try out the booksellers and, having a dozen clients, divide the business among them. As the booksellers outside of New York and Chicago can be counted on the fingers and toes, there is little show for an author who can not get on the news-stands. I believe the average sale of a novel is less than 2,000 copies.

"Now, there are three excellent ways of distribution, worked out and elaborated by men in other businesses: the drug-store, the cigar-store, and the news-stand. In 30,000 towns the drug-

store is the center of the best business and in 30,000 other towns the cigar-store is catering to people with money, and usually a taste for reading. Does Mr. Frog or Mr. Fish utilize this ready-to-hand medium? No, sir. The event is a natural one: the magazines have discovered that for 15 cents they can supply the steady, normal demand for long novels. They have found that they can pay more than the old-fashioned publisher. The consequence is that the publisher, as such, will either vanish or reform."

The present-day magazine should feel a thrill of pride when this writer tells his confrères that none can afford to ignore these purveyors. They should, however, measure their brow to see that that feature is not too high:

"I do not count those who write 'pure literature.' Neither I nor any other popular author can claim a place in that class. Having to make our livelihood by our typewriters, we must perforce accept the condition that no so-called standard magazine will either acknowledge us or pay us.

"For example again: Have you ever seen a story by a popular author in a high-priced periodical? Could Jack London sell to a 35-cent magazine? He could not, since he has become the best-known writer of the day. The reason? He has never written a quatrain, nor done sweet dalliance in a club. Not

writer for a 100,000-word novel. One other illustration from my own books:

Short story, first serial rights	\$500
Same story, British rights	137
Same story, newspaper serial	100
Total for serial rights	\$737
Movie rights	100
Plus royalties	234
Total	\$1,071

"There is, of course, the other side of the case, when we sell for much less. But with careful workmanship and equally careful selling, a writer, even a beginner, should find the business worth while and no gamble, so long as he consistently ignores the book part of it and cultivates a magazine clientele."

AMERICA'S YOUNGEST ART

PERHAPS because landscape architecture is the youngest of the arts in America, its future seems to a writer in *The Craftsman* (June) to hold the greatest possibilities. The Pilgrim Fathers began at once to surround their modest homes

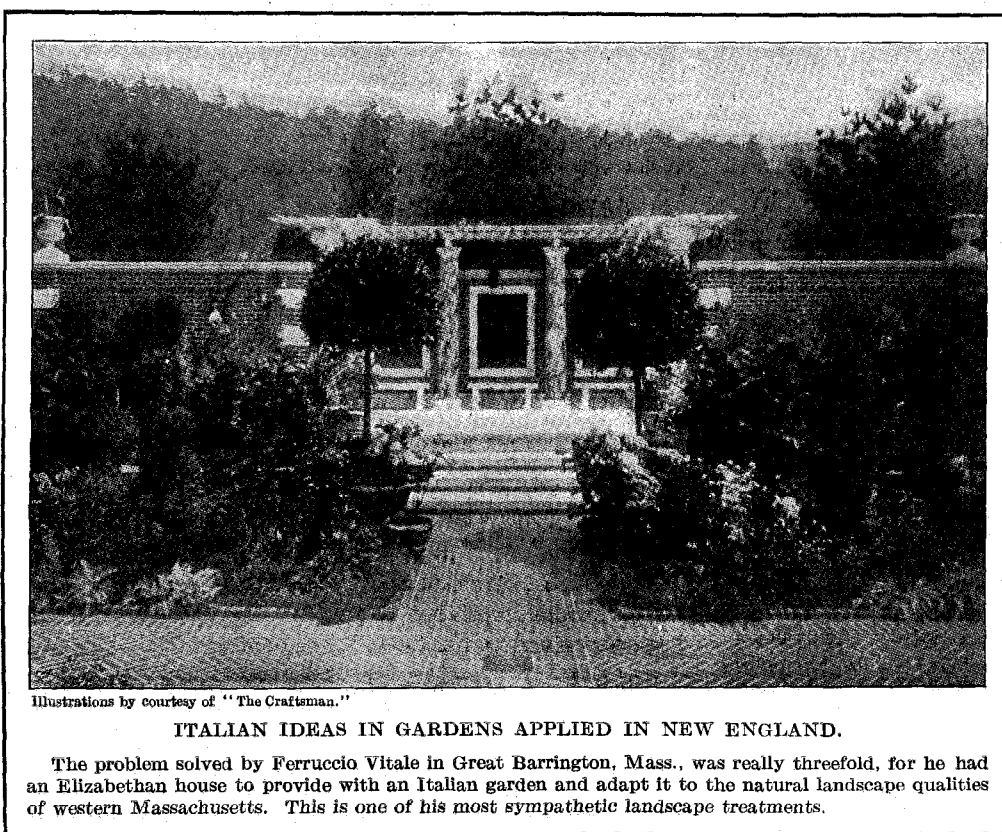
with vegetable- and flower-gardens. But the flower-gardens were simple enough and mainly served as reminders of the life left behind in England. In isolated instances, such as Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, Colonial architecture was given a fitting setting on the surrounding place. The first President was "a horticulturist of considerable renown." But it is left to the present day and generation, as this writer points out, to reach "a stage of development wherein the attention of the people at large is turned, more than ever before, in the direction of horticulture and the framework for its development, landscape architecture." The patriotism of the writer runs to such statements as that "no other country gives such scope to the landscape architect, offering him opportunity for such infinite variety." She inspires "both by the many forms of her surfaces

and the diversity of her climatic conditions." We read:

"The two general styles of this art that are everywhere recognized are the formal and the naturalistic, each following, in an individualistic way, requirements that are sensible and suited to the lay of the land. For a small plot of ground, one of an acre or less, it is clear that the formal style must prevail; a park, a grove, wooded byways, and the like, can not be developed on small plots closely connected, nor is it feasible to maintain clipped hedges, fountains, and beds of flowers over planting-grounds several acres in extent.

"Trees, shrubs, and flowers should be planted for permanency only after a plan of the property has been drawn, its aim being, with Nature's help, to block out from view all objectionable buildings and objects; to provide uninterrupted lines of vision; to give protection from winds; to preserve the dignity and beauty of the green sward; to give a desirable quality of shade, and to erect such structures as may add to the joy and restfulness of out-of-door living.

"The plan once executed, the choice of the trees, shrubs, and flowers that are to give it emphasis should pass under consideration. Those that are evergreen and those that are deciduous



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Craftsman."

ITALIAN IDEAS IN GARDENS APPLIED IN NEW ENGLAND.

The problem solved by Ferruccio Vitale in Great Barrington, Mass., was really threefold, for he had an Elizabethan house to provide with an Italian garden and adapt it to the natural landscape qualities of western Massachusetts. This is one of his most sympathetic landscape treatments.

placing myself in the same class as Mr. London, I can yet claim to belong to the same school. And that means that we have to depend on *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ainslee's*, and *Munsey's* for our living. I acknowledge that these publications have an enormous circulation among the best of us Americans. I confess that they pay better than the highest-priced magazines would dream of doing. But Mr. Page is right, even in his jest. The United States won't admit that a writer is entitled to any credit unless he pleases the small and inbred minority.

"There is nothing peevish in my attitude. I'm quite satisfied with my lot. Every month sees an advance in the magazine business, *The Cosmopolitan* still pays prodigious prices, and we can afford to let the book-contracts go. The women's papers have fallen in line and send enormous checks to those who write professionally, and even the newspapers frequently pay hundreds for the use of stories almost forgotten by their writers.

"The conclusion is that the book business is dead so far as fiction goes. And the writer should be thankful. He no longer has to wait a year for his little moneys, nor suffer the patronizing airs of gentlemen who despise Des Moines, Iowa.

"Then we have the movies! And they pay the writer more for a single story than any publisher will give the ordinary

must be placed so as to offset each other; as one group of shrubs passes out of bloom it must be arranged for another to unfold and take its place, thus continuing the floral procession. Even the natural length of the life of the plants must be given thought that others may be set in advance to replace them when in due time their span is run. For only with attention to the most minute details can a plan be worked out satisfactorily into a bit of landscape reality."

An illustration of modern successful garden-planning is found in the work of Mr. Ferruccio Vitale at "Brookside," the residence of Mr. William Hall Walker, in Great Barrington, Mass. Mr. Vitale learned his lesson "amid the historic gardens of Italy," but has "shown his hand in America in some of the best, as well as most sympathetic, landscape treatments."

Thus:

"At 'Brookside,' . . . an unusual chance was offered Mr. Vitale for architectural development, since the estate comprised some five hundred acres of hilly land, an inexhaustible supply of spring water flowing freely from the sides of a mountain, expanding into a lake covering some ten acres, and running from thence over a cascade into a smaller lake, emptying into the nearby Housatonic River. Pine, spruce, maples, and elms, besides many other varieties of trees and shrubs, here represented the diverse wealth of Nature, while a picturesque background was formed for the property by one of the Berkshire mountains.

"But majestic as Nature has here shown herself, it was a work of no small magnitude to temper her moods, to define her outlines, to provide places from which the most splendid views could be gained, and to accommodate her to the comforts and pleasures of human beings. Yet all this has been accomplished, and skilfully.

"The house being in the Elizabethan style of architecture demanded that the court, the immediate surroundings, and the sunken garden should be kept strictly under the same influence. Indeed, such old English examples seem, when for various reasons the Colonial is not preferred, to be more in accord with the landscape and the climate of America than gardens patterned on those of Italy, adapted to a country vastly different in atmosphere and personality.

"The walled garden of 'Brookside' is entirely disconnected from the house. It nestles between the side hills at a considerable distance, forming in truth the open-air room of the estate. The wall which encloses this garden on three sides is of tapestry brick, but on the fourth side it gives place to a loggia having two levels. Of this loggia the central portion is formed into a tea-house, where comfort in its quintessence can be had even to the extent of cooking for famished mortals by means of electricity, the same power that is used to light the garden by night.

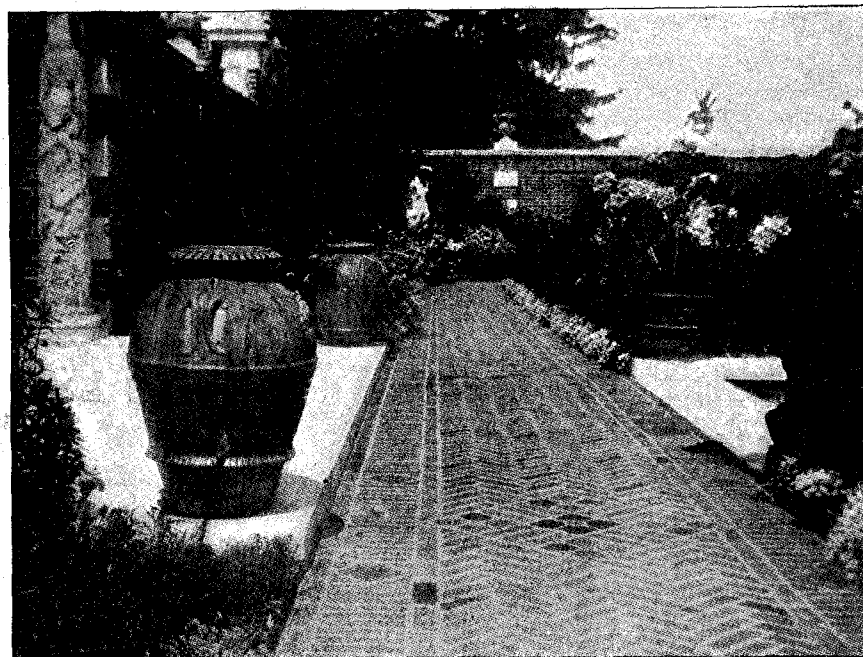
"A broad brick walk divides the loggia at its upper level, where the side leaning toward the wall is filled in with perennials, providing flowers from May until October. The other side is transformed into a carpet of heliotrope five feet wide and extending all around the garden. The lower level is devoted to plots for flowers, roses predominating; and character is here given to the design by four wall-fountains, representing two boys in different positions as they drink and sport with water.

"In the twilight, or when this garden is seen later in the evening, the time that wonderful night-moths seek the nectar of flowers, when the water trickling from the fountains is heard as the voice of the garden, when the lights give long and fantastic shadows, and the scent from the heliotrope seemingly turns the whole world into a realm of sweetness, the restrictions of a closed dwelling are forgotten and the spirit of Nature seems to dominate the scene."

The Craftsman hopes that this charming art will be developed among us through the organization of departments of school gardening.

INDICTING THE BAD TASTE OF TO-DAY

A SELF-CONFESSED "man of middle age" who knows he runs the risk of being called an "old fogey" thinks he ought, nevertheless, to bear witness against "the bad taste of to-day." Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, the well-known English novelist, is the person who turns to *The Daily Mail* (London) to relieve his pent-up wrath. He is tolerably mild upon current eccentricities in painting and music, but when



BROOKSIDE'S SHELTERED GARDEN.

At the home of Mr. William Hall Walker in Great Barrington, Mass. Ornament and plant have each their appointed place in a scheme carefully thought out.

he comes to women's fashions, now erected by some into the sphere of the fine arts, he fairly boils over:

"Every age, one must suppose, suffers from the excess of its qualities; and the very wealth of material and richness of opportunity given to our contemporary life are replete with temptations to extravagance. There is more ugliness, more futility, and more nonsense visible to-day in the web of our social structure than ever our fathers gathered in all their ignorance and banality. English painters are painting better than in the nineteenth century; no matter what professional critics tell you, the work on the walls of the Academy this year is of a higher average value than ever before—in my lifetime, at any rate. But along with this progress, this advance of accomplishment, goes the most babbling insanity of Futurism, Cubism, Symbolism, and possibly other isms I have not heard of. . . .

"Similarly in a generation which has recognized with pride and delight the genius of Richard Strauss it seems possible to welcome with acclamation also the eccentricities of a Schonberg. It appears that musical critics, recalling the blunders of their predecessors' judgments on Wagner, are scared to death lest they, too, should commit the unpardonable sin of overlooking or decrying a new genius. . . . But the real point at which modern taste breaks down most badly is in feminine fashion. . . .

"In his heart of hearts every man knows how ugly is the 'mode' of to-day; and I believe most women know it also. Every artistic rule is contravened by the abominable confections that glare at one crudely from the windows of fashionable emporiums. Style, shape, decency, all are meaningless words in application to these dresses. Clothes, so far as woman is concerned, are calculated to constrict her limbs, impede her motion, conceal the beauties of her body, emphasize its defects, and violate every right canon of decoration and proportion. They cut her figure at the wrong place, stuff her out where she has least need of bulging, skimp her where she is scantiest, and generally make a satanic endeavor to turn her into an expensive scarecrow. The fashion-plates of to-day! Faugh!"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



THE SLAVES OF TURPENTINE

IN THE turpentine convict camps of Florida are human beings whose "degraded, debased, sordid" existence is "worse than any exile, worse than any slum district," worse, even, "than Whitechapel, London." So writes Marc N. Goodnow in *The Continent* (Presbyterian, Chicago, June 4), after a ten-days' visit to one of these camps employing negro convicts—prisoners of the State. "No penitentiary in this country has ever equaled the sordidness of this or the other thirty camps in that State; no condition of servitude or savagery that I ever heard or read about has ever surpassed the state of inhumanity and hopelessness behind the whitewashed stockade of this camp." The needs of the ignorant mountaineers of the South, declares Mr. Goodnow, "are as nothing compared to the oppression of these slaves; yet the former are aided in missions," and the latter receive no religious help and are "apparently unknown" to generous Christian givers. In the camp this writer particularly describes there are thirty-five negro men, "in all stages of human dilapidation." The State still reserves its "right to trade and barter" in their black bodies, "leasing them to an association for the sum of \$281.60 a head per annum, and allowing that association in turn to lease them to individual camp contractors for the sum of \$400 a head per annum." The average profit on this transaction of \$100 a head for 1,500 convicts is "easy money." The convicts' first sight of the "clump of low, white buildings, squatting under a blazing sun in a desert of sand and marsh, turns them sick." And for many days they have to be closely guarded for fear of attempts to escape. In their embitterment and weariness, the one saving grace is their "irresponsible temperament," which combines with a "mad desire to forget" to cause occasional evening and Sunday hours of merriment. But to let Mr. Goodnow describe a typical day in the camp:

"The day's work begins out in the turpentine forest by the time the sun strikes the hooded tops of the slender, swaying pines, which means that the convicts are astir in the fetid bunk- and mess-rooms of the stockade building some time before. A hurried 'bait' of salt meat and biscuit or corn pone breaks their fast; they file out of the stockade, hatless, coatless, bootless, and take their places in separate squads of ten to fifteen each, according to their duties in the woods. Then they begin the tramp—which may be several miles to work—an armed guard or two on horseback and a couple of hound-dogs trailing along behind.

"The squad dips fresh pine resin from boxes cut at the base of the trees or scrapes the hardened gum from the open face of the tree-trunks. This work carries the men through in-

festated swamps and marshes up to their waists; it holds them through rain or shine, hot or cold. There is no protection for their bodies; the convict stripes are of tattered flannel and are worn without underwear. The dew is not yet off the thick grass palmetto stubble when they go to work and it is cold and dank.

"But the day's stint has already been set and the squad works rapidly and furiously, the men running back and forth, back and forth, between the trees and the barrels which hold the resinous gum and pitch.

"It is dusk when these tired, silent, ghostlike wretches file back into the stockade—perhaps wet to the skin and muddy, with feet and legs torn and bleeding from contact with the sharp blades of the palmetto. The stockade is a welcome sight after a day in the woods, for it means rest and sleep or perhaps an evening diversion. Even supper of cold baked beans, fat meat, and corn bread will stir life afresh within these creatures. The plank, plink, plank of the banjo is enough. It starts a shuffle of feet, and the fancy evolutions of the buck and wing begin."

Sometimes on a Sunday, if prosperous-looking visitors make it seem worth while, a half dozen of the more talented convicts will put on a "show" or a dance.

"And while this show is in progress, several guards and dogs, and at least one of the convicts, are absent. The guards are following the baying hounds through the forest. The dogs are following the trail of a convict as he speeds through the stubble of the woods, dodging here and there to throw the hounds off the scent, or—when the pursuit grows too hot—'shinning' to the top branches of a tree."

This is the "nigger chase," a weekly rehearsal to keep the dogs in training for the capture of some wretch who makes a break for liberty. Once,

"nine convicts escaped from the bunk-room one dark night while the guard slept. To lose \$3,600 in one night is rather expensive, even for a camp where the profit from turpentine and resin the year before is said to have been \$25,000. And then, on top of this, of the six dogs that gave chase through the woods in a futile effort to capture the fugitives, three died. This was even a greater loss than the convicts or the money, for a hound-dog with a good nose for scenting convicts is an object of no little pride and care in a turpentine camp."

Such is Sunday—no hard work, some recreation, "but absolutely no attempt to make it a day for spiritual or mental improvement." The State report, according to Mr. Goodnow, speaks of chaplains provided "to preach once a month." But this writer doubts if services are actually held "even once a month"—

"The truth is that almost no attention is paid to the spiritual



Courtesy of "The Continent," Chicago.

THE BRIGHTEST SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The turpentine camps of the South are said to present a more degraded human life than the worst slum of any city.

needs of the convicts. People in that section don't think the convict—the negro convict—has anything that might come under that classification. What is the use of appealing to something in a creature when there is not enough human in him to respond to it?

"When one realizes that the negro, wherever you find him, is racially the very embodiment of religious emotion and fervor, is it not a pity that neither the State nor the Church has taken full advantage of this opportunity? . . . These men can not successfully be appealed to by social workers; they can not successfully be appealed to by any other people or profession or upon any other than a purely religious ground."

There is no hope from within the camps, we are told. Magazines, books, and newspapers which Mr. Goodnow brought for the prisoners were kept by the guards. "There is supposed to be a library of some sort at each camp, but there is nothing of the sort." It is said that nothing can be done for these convicts. "Florida has allowed this slavery system to grow and thrive for thirty-two years without turning a hand to better conditions." But, declares Mr. Goodnow finally—

"The fact that this inhuman system has been allowed to flourish not only in Florida but in Alabama and other States for so long is all the more reason why the church—some church, at least—should attempt some systematic mission work. When society exiled these creatures to malarial swamps, fever-breeding bayous, insanitary sleeping and eating quarters, inhuman practises, and the hardest kind of physical labor, it forgot that these men would one day reenter society. The question is: 'What kind of men will they be?'"

"There may be no complete regeneration ahead of these men, at least not while they are so utterly neglected by civilizing influences, but how immeasurably their mental, moral, and spiritual outlook could be improved by the kindly, human, sympathetic influence of the church! Where is the church that will accept this mission?"

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN SPAIN

EARLY in May Spain saw a Protestant meeting in Barcelona such as never before had been held on that soil. "That such a meeting could be held was deemed incredible a month ago," says the Rev. Francis E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who writes an account of the proceedings both within and without for *The Christian Endeavor World* (Boston). The chief thing that emerges is that "the majority of Spaniards, and even the King himself," seem to "welcome more religious liberty." The occasion was made use of, however, by the leaders of party politics, and Dr. Clark nearly found himself in the center of a riot. The Carlists, or followers of the "pretender," saw a chance to rouse popular opposition to a Protestant meeting permitted by the Government, and the Clerical party naturally perceived its opportunity to embarrass the Mayor, who was a Republican. So everything was ripe for a political riot, hopelessly mixed up with religious feelings, as is so often the case on the Continent. We have before us an account of the affair from a Liberal paper of Madrid which paints its picture in such lurid colors as to make it ludicrous. We are solemnly assured that the plan was to massacre the entire audience, men, women, and children, and its article is so filled with vituperation of its political and religious foes as to reveal at once its animus and its incredibility. Dr. Clark, however, relates plainly what came under his own observation. He tells us that when it became evident that the acrimony might lead to serious results, "the Premier of Spain sent word from Madrid to Barcelona that the Protestants must be defended in all their rights," and the Mayor and the city government carried out these orders. Tho there had been mutterings of opposition to the Christian Endeavor rally, nothing untoward happened until the Sunday of May 3, when the Palacio de Bellas Artes was given over for use free of charge. This is the largest and most beautiful hall

in the city. Dr. Clark says that the Governor and the Archbishop tried to have the grant rescinded, but the Mayor, as a Republican, did not dare yield to the Clerical party. Dr. Clark continues:

"By Friday and Saturday there was 'a very pretty row' on, as some one exprest it. The newspapers took up the matter for and against the use of the hall, and added fuel to the flames. A riot was threatened; an attempt was made to frighten people from the hall by stories of certain bloodshed; and we said to ourselves, 'There will be such a fright that the hall won't be half full.' Even Rev. Franklyn G. Smith, the president of the Spanish Christian Endeavor union, the head and front of the movement to secure the big hall, and the indefatigable exponent of Protestant views in Barcelona, began to lose heart, a most unusual thing for him, for he is the bravest and cheeriest of men."

"However, the Catholic party did not have everything their own way. Some papers were friendly to Christian Endeavor and some non-committal.

"Sunday morning came, and Sunday afternoon drew on; and about three o'clock we started from the Colegio Internacional for the great hall some five miles away."

"As we drew near, we saw that the place was alive with helmeted policemen in their fine blue uniforms, and also with the Civil Guards in gray, with decorations of the Spanish colors, yellow and red. Some were mounted, and many were on foot. At least five hundred policemen and soldiers were on duty. They made an imposing array, especially the mounted officers on their beautiful sleek thoroughbreds. Every approach to the hall within half a mile was guarded by mounted police. Any mob that might assemble could be easily dispersed."

"At the door of the hall only ticket-holders were admitted, and even then, if they looked suspicious, they were searched for concealed weapons, the police running their hands up and down the clothes and paying especial attention to the hip-pockets."

"And it was well they did; for scores of suspects were turned away, some were locked up, and, according to the papers the next morning, the police secured a fine assorted collection of forty-eight 'guns,' large and small."

"When we entered the hall we were surprized to see that it was already two-thirds full, and still they came, and more, and more, and more, until all the 3,200 chairs were full, and the galleries and the stairs leading to them; and even standing-room was at a premium."

"Certainly more than four thousand persons were in the hall, making far and away, by thousands, the greatest Protestant meeting ever held in Spain."

The Mayor's representative sat by the chairman. A dozen reporters were on hand to take notes, and cameras did service for the illustrated papers. Further:

"Everything went off like clockwork, and every one kept within his time. Three pastors made brief addresses; a young Endeavorer from Madrid spoke earnestly; another gifted Endeavorer gave a short recital on the magnificent organ, the pride of Barcelona, and perhaps the finest in all Spain; the Endeavorers sang three hymns in fine voice, and the juniors two, a splendid mixed choir of six hundred voices, all of them Endeavorers, leading the singing. Mr. Smith interpreted for me with his usual life and vigor, as I tried briefly to tell of Christian Endeavor in all the world. The rumor had been industriously circulated for weeks before that I had come to Barcelona to denounce and berate the Catholic Church, and I took pains to say that Endeavorers denounce no man's faith and ridicule no man's belief."

"At the close came the roll-call of the societies, when each local society, about ten in all, stood together, repeated a verse of Scripture, and then brought their beautiful banners to the platform, and stood in line amid cheers."

"Then came 'God be with you,' and the audience dispersed without a sign of disorder, except on the part of two or three small and tired babies."

"As I was about to slip out by a side door and make my way quietly home, a messenger came to me and said I was under police escort, and that the chief of police awaited us at the front door."

"When we thanked him for his courtesy he modestly claimed that it was his business to keep order and protect life, and that an escort of police would see us to our lodgings."

"Even then, tho almost every one had left, hundreds of guards, mounted and on foot, held every street near the hall; a squad followed us for a long way; and three plain-clothes men rode

with Dr. Gulick, the veteran missionary and Christian Endeavor pioneer, and Mrs. Clark and myself, all the way to the college, five miles from the hall, and would not leave us until they saw us safely behind the iron gates of the college yard.

"When Mr. Smith reached his home in another part of the city, he found it guarded by special police; but he also learned that while he was at the meeting, the door of his church had been drenched with kerosene-oil and an attempt made to set it on fire; but some neighbors discovered the fire, and put it out before much damage was done.

"Moreover, a wicked-looking bomb was found in the great hall, but it had not exploded.

"You can imagine what a ferment has been created. The papers all over Spain are full of it. The Republican papers denounce the attempt to break up the meeting and create a riot, saying that it shows that the spirit of Spanish Catholics is the spirit of the Inquisition and of Torquemada. The Carlist (the extreme Catholic) press defend the attempted riot, and denounce the Mayor for granting the hall, and the chief of police for his careful and effective preparations. The young Carlists threaten direful things, and intend to organize a great anti-Protestant demonstration on the 17th of May.

"But what is the result of all this commotion, do you ask?

"It can not but be good in the end. It has brought Protestants ('Evangelicals' they are called in Spain) to the front. It has revealed as never before the fact that they are no longer a negligible quantity, that they can no longer be shut up in back streets as hitherto. It has sounded a note for religious liberty that will be heard for years."

CATHOLIC INDICTMENT OF THE REPUBLIC IN PORTUGAL

THE IMPRESSION, however widely prevailing in the United States, that the revolution of four years ago in Portugal was the culmination of popular discontent and disgust with monarchical institutions needs to be corrected, thinks a Catholic writer in *Extension* (Chicago). It was rather "the direct result of a monarchical attempt to purify official life." The republican movement, smoldering for twenty years, found its opportunity in this, but the way it has employed its privilege offers a strong contrast to the republican ideas of other countries. "We in America have a sort of dumb idea that a free press, free speech, and freedom to worship as we please are the three great essentials of political liberty," says this writer, the Rev. J. T. Roche. Not only politics, but civil and religious life in Portugal, so he tries to make clear, are secretly in the hands of a sort of ring:

"In every big city of Europe to-day there are a number of daring and desperate spirits who can be counted upon for any kind of mischief. In Lisbon these people had been gathered by the unscrupulous politicians into a sort of Camorra, or Portuguese Mafia, which showed itself worthy in every way of its Sicilian lineage. It was through this secret, oath-bound society, officially known as 'Os Carbonarii,' that the republic came into existence. Even at the present hour the entire membership does not exceed a few thousand, but its organization and discipline give it complete control of the political situation. The Carbonarii are in effect the real governors. They select in secret conclave the men that are to hold office for the time being. When elections are held there is not the slightest danger of an adverse majority. The Carbonarii count the votes and make public the results. Those of them who do not hold public office receive a salary from the State for prying into the monarchical leanings of the Portuguese rank and file. The secret police of Russia are not a whit more vigilant or more dreaded than these interested patriots who are upholding the new republic."

The Carbonarii do not indorse the time-honored institutions to which America bows:

"There is a strict censorship over newspaper utterances. To criticize the Government publicly or even privately involves the risk of being hustled off to jail and of being kept there until the authorities are good and ready to let the offender go. The old-fashioned idea of giving the accused a chance to prove his innocence in a public court involved a lot of vexation and

expense. The Carbonarii have improved upon that. They put a man in jail and keep him there until semistarvation and wretched surroundings have worked a cure irrespective of guilt or innocence.

"Then, again, the new republic has some peculiar ideas about freedom of worship. It has gone to the trouble of issuing an up-to-date text-book of theology, and persisted for a time in forcing it upon the clergy. The Catholic Church, however, is a stubborn old institution, and in pursuance of its orders the priests have balked, and have got themselves very much disliked by the new rulers as a result of their behavior.

"The churches in Portugal during the course of the centuries accumulated quite a few artistic treasures in the way of statues, paintings, vestments, plate, etc. The Carbonarii concluded, shortly after the republic was established, that these things are inconsistent with the new State theology, so they appropriated them to their own uses. Dealers in antiquities have flocked to Portugal from all over Europe, and even cabinet ministers have done a thriving business in these evidences of Middle-Age piety. The wife of a foreign diplomat informed me, on the occasion of my recent visit to Lisbon, that she had been given a nice collection of the aforesaid articles by Señor Costa, the former premier and present Minister of Colonies. The gift will probably cost her husband his job, if it ever come to the knowledge of his Government, but she justified herself on the ground that the diplomatic people in general were all gathering up this church loot.

"In pursuance of the idea that it is well for a church to be poor, the Carbonarii some time ago passed a law whereby two-thirds of the collection taken up on Sunday go to the Government for the purposes of 'benefencia,' in other words, into the pockets of these vigilant guardians of religion, morals, and all things else. Needless to say the collections have fallen off considerably, and there is considerable grumbling at the obstinacy of the pious faithful.

"A law passed within the past two years guarantees to any celibate clergyman who will bring legitimate or illegitimate children into the world the first vacant post in the government service. But for some strange reason there has been no rush to take advantage of this offer. The Carbonarii do not like this thing called 'Religion' which insists on the Ten Commandments, and these have been unpopular in Portuguese official circles for a good many years. Arrigo, the present President, proposed seriously some time ago that the time had come when statues should be erected to the Devil as a recognition of the fact that he was the first revolutionary. This is a case where comment is unnecessary. I am giving the facts as they are so that the reader may get an idea of the things that are taking place in Portugal in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."

There is in Portugal to-day, declares this writer, a general feeling of helplessness. "The Mafia holds the reins of power. Its rule is thoroughly loathed and detested by all classes." The people themselves are in such plight as this:

"The percentage of illiteracy is amazingly high, but statistics on this as on other matters are extremely unreliable. Seventy-five years ago the predecessors of the present régime turned out the only teachers, the religious orders, and little or nothing was done to fill their places. Illiteracy is not always, however, the certain sign of national degradation. Untutored peasants have played no mean part in the struggles for human liberty, and mere book-learning furnishes no guaranty that its possessor is either honest or trustworthy.

"The new republic is regarded as the last drop in the cup of the nation's bitterness, as the crowning triumph of political crookedness masquerading as a new victory in the sacred cause of popular justice and human liberty.

"The priests of the country, thank God, have stood fast. Out of the 6,000 beneficed clergy in the days of Queen Elizabeth of England only 200 were found steadfast. Out of the 3,000 priests of Portugal fewer than 200 have accepted the governmental bribe. The Church will emerge from the struggle with this phantom republic purified and strengthened. There are many hopeful signs even at the present hour, and the priests with whom I spoke were unanimous in declaring that severance of relations between Church and State would be a great blessing, if the hour ever came when the Church would enjoy real liberty, such as we Catholics enjoy under the egis of the Stars and Stripes. The night of trial heralds its dawn of triumph. It was Lincoln who insisted that all of the people could not be fooled all of the time. The leaders of the new republic of Portugal could do worse than reflect on this truth."

CURRENT POETRY



POETRY owes much to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Its hospitable pages have given shelter, during the last few years, to poems whose length would debar them from any other periodical—to Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Drake" and "Tales of the Mermaid Inn." From the June issue we quote a poem by an author whose name, in a few years, may be highly honored among the poets of our language. He has Mr. John Masefield's passion for the sea, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's strength and directness.

The Ballad of the "Matterhorn"

By C. FOX SMITH

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, when the sun is getting low,
The chattering crowds of Chinatown along the pavements go,
And there you'll hear the wrangling gulls about the harbor-side,
And see the ships come in which use the oceans deep and wide,
And smell the smell of the water-front, the ship-ping, and the tide.
And there do meet all brands o' folk which on the Coast are found,
From Bering Strait to Mexico, from Frisco and the Sound;
The Dago and the Dutchman there, with all queer breeds that be,
Stand up to drink with Jap and Chink beside the western sea.

And there do swear and fight and lie and leave their pay behind,
The whalers and the tugboat men and the loggers rolling blind,
And there the Siwash and the Sikh go jostling side by side,
And sailormen blow out and in like drift-logs tide by tide.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, as I was strolling by
And thinking over this and that, and things both far and nigh,
There chanced to meet me face to face a man I used to know,
That sailed with me in the *Matterhorn* in a day that's long ago.

And "Oh, Lord love you, Mike," I said, and took him by the hand,
"Do you sail yet in the *Matterhorn*, and are you long for land?"

It's good to see your face again, these longshore lads among,
To mind me of the *Matterhorn* and the time when I was young."

"If I had sailed in the *Matterhorn* it is not here I'd be,

And thirsty as the hob of Hell as I am now," said he;

"A bitter drink I'd sup among the cold and clammy dead

If I had signed in the *Matterhorn* when last she sailed," he said.

"She's gone, and none but old Cape Stiff can tell the when and how;

And them that watched the lists for her, they're tired o' watchin' now;

Far down, far down in Dead Man's Bay both ship and men do lie,

And the 'Lutine' bell has rung for her this many a day gone by.

"I saw her sail from Salthouse Dock—the sun was risin' red,

And 'See you next in Callao' my friends aboard her said;

'Tween Callao and Liverpool a many ports there be,
And many men I'll meet again, but them I shall not see.

"Well, safe we got to Callao, but we were long a-going.

The old tub leaking like a sieve, old Horn his hardest blowing;

The big seas swept her fore and aft, the sails they cut like steel;

Our bodies to the yards they froze, our hands froze to the wheel.

"And them that sailed before us came, and most that since did sail.

They came all battered with the seas and broken with the gale;

And one that had been missing long, with sticks all snapt and shorn,

Limped in to tell her tale ashore—but not the *Matterhorn*.

"So last we knew that she was gone, as best and worst may go.

The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast ship and the slow;

A fast ship was the *Matterhorn* when all them kites was spread,

A fast ship and a fine she was—" "Ay, she was fast," I said.

From course to skysail up she soared like a mid-summer cloud;

In all this earth I have not seen a thing more brave and proud.

And she is gone as dreams do go, or a song sung long before,

Or the golden days of a man's youth when they are his no more.

And all the shining moons of youth, and all the stars of dream

Were tangled in her topmost spars and through her shrouds did gleam;

Now thundering like a North Sea gale, now humming faint and low,

Came singing with her down the years the winds of long ago.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms a bitter thing I heard;

With a heavy heart I turned away, and long I spoke no word;

I bared my head there where I stood: "God rest her soul," I said,

As if a woman I had loved in a far land was dead.

The fragment of a poem by Sappho, discovered recently in Egypt and published, with a literal translation into English, in *THE LITERARY DIGEST* of several weeks ago, has been put into English verse. "H. I. R." has done his difficult work with considerable skill. He should, however, have imitated the form of the original, since Sapphic strophes are easily imitated in English. His verses appear in the *London Evening Standard*.

Fragment of a Poem by Sappho

Done into English verse by "H. I. R."

Horsemen or footmen on the plain
Glittering, or ships upon the main
Men call the fairest thing.

Not so, I ween, for I declare
The loved one is of all most fair
Beyond imagining.

This all may know, for Helen chose
Among all men the man who rose
On grace above them all.

Troy's honor he destroyed, but she
Recked not of home or family,
But bent beneath the thrall

Of Love, who bore her far away.
To lightly think is woman's way
Of what is ever near.

So, Anactoria, you forget
Her presence, who is with you yet,
And unto me so dear.

Than Lydian hosts to me more sweet
The sound of my beloved's feet
Than chariot in war.

Her beaming face I'd rather see,
Her brightening eyes than armory
Of spearman and of car.

Men can not have the best alway,
We know, but we can ever pray
It may not be afar.

In what was perhaps the greatest religious poem of the nineteenth century, Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," the soul of man was pictured as a hunted thing, seeking in vain to escape the pursuing love of Christ. Mr. Benét uses, in a beautifully wrought poem which we find in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, a strikingly different idea, making the soul a falcon sent out to bring down the white heron of knowledge of the meaning of life. The philosophy of the poem can not be considered satisfactory; the white heron comes of itself and no falcon has yet been strong enough to overtake it. But the idea is well sustained, and any living poet of England or America might well be proud of such craftsmanship as that shown in every line of "The Falconer of God."

The Falconer of God

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!"

I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—

A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,

Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
These secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings

The answer to their wo.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.

I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.

And then, with feathery thunder, the bird of my desire

Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.

High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast

As my falcon stooped upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropt through the air—with heavenly plunder?—

Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight.

A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled—

All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,

How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.

I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—

A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!

I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.

The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,

All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find!

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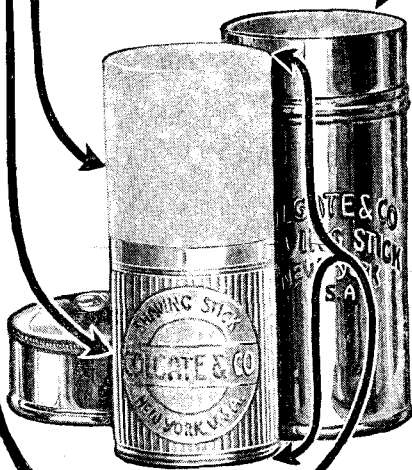
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

NOVELS OF THE SEASON

Curle, Richard. *Life Is a Dream*. Pp. 327.
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.

This is a collection of short stories by a writer known principally as author of "Joseph Conrad," "a convincing picture of the man who has, probably, written the finest sea-stories in the English language." The background and atmosphere of the stories are tropical. To many of them there is just a hint of the supernatural, or inexplicable, as in "Blanca Palillos." The author seems to deal with abstract thoughts more than actual events, but he has a subtle way of making his reader feel the grief, joy, ambition, or disappointment of his characters. "Old Hoskyns" stirs our sympathy with his life-long ambition and desire so relentlessly thwarted. We even feel the rebellion of the little lad who had to wear the "Velvet Suit," which seemed to him "babyfied." Mr. Curle will have to do something bigger before he earns much praise as a story-teller, but "so far so good." The outlook is promising.

Hamilton, Cosmo. *The Blindness of Virtue*. Pp. 307. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

Most books and plays of last year dealt with the dangers of a great city, the more or less alluring toils ready to entrap the unwary or innocent. This novel, however (and it also has been dramatized), looks within the home for its dangers, and warns against that innocence which is synonymous with ignorance, and the virtue that, out of its very purity, tempts and is tempted. Mr. Hamilton voices the belief of many mothers and teachers when he protests against the traditional false modesty which prevents parents from imparting to their children the great purpose of our existence and the mystery and miracle of creation. Knowledge that is imparted with reverence and faith has dignity and power, much more to be desired than that whispered behind doors, with lowered voice and shamed blushes. Aside from the sermon, this is a charming story, combining the delicacy of romance with the vital force of dramatic and almost tragic situations. Harry Pemberton, father of the "innocent" Effie, is an unusually attractive character. His efforts to uplift and help by being a "big brother" to his erring parishioners possesses a wealth of edifying suggestion. Doubtless there are exaggerations in the plot—only to make the conclusions more evident and powerful, but it is a wholly satisfactory exposition of a difficult subject and a fine plea for frank honesty between parents and children.

Hughes, Rupert. *What Will People Say?* Pp. 509. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

It does not seem as tho it mattered much what people would say when we read this story of New York social life with its mad rush after wealth, its pursuit of new and novel sensations, and its riotous whirl of dance-mad devotees of dissipation. Mr. Hughes seems thoroughly conversant with the habits and desires of the smart set, and

he describes relentlessly the characters who pursue their selfish plans through the comedy and tragedy of this dramatic novel. Whether it is really the rule for husbands and wives to be faithless; whether love always counts less than lucre; and whether modern dancing involves so much that is immoral, are questions concerning which there might be some discussion, but there is no denying the fascination of this story, which deals with the love of a young army officer for the social butterfly, Persis Cabot, who had to have wealth at any sacrifice. If the book teaches anything except, descriptively, the superficial frivolity of society life in a big city, it is that love counts for more than money, and that moral bills as well as commercial have to be paid and often cost one's life and reputation, or both.

Johnson, Owen. *The Salamander*. Pp. 529. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.35.

To the sheltered woman, "The Salamander" will come as an incomprehensible being; to the feminist in revolt, she should be a warning; and to the critic, just one more proof of Mr. Johnson's versatility; even if the book is not his best work from the literary standpoint. The author does not explain why Doré Baxter entered Salamander-land; at least he gives no satisfactory reason for her revolt or her unwillingness to earn her living, but we find her in a New York boarding-house surrounded by Bohemian companions, living a life of "wits," playing every man she meets with an eye to what she can get from him—automobiles for her transportation, dinners at swell restaurants, champagne and flowers which she could exchange for the necessary rent money, and luring her victims by every known device short of physical surrender. Dodo's retention of innocence was her good fortune, not her fault, and we question whether another would be so fortunate. Doubtless there are just such "Salamanders," doubtless new ideas are stirring in the modern woman, logical revolts, "equality of burden with men, equality of opportunity and of pleasure." What is not so sure is the result of such a revolt. We wonder if Mr. Johnson means this story for a warning. If so, it is too bad that he represented his heroine as being saved in spite of herself, for, after pursuing, tempting, and desolating so many lives, she hardly seemed to deserve the protective love of Garry Lindaberry. The book opens up many questions, and should cause healthy discussions, but we advise the reader to remember that the real "Salamander" is not human, with limited human powers, but is a "lizard."

Norris, Frank. *Vandover and The Brute*. Pp. 354. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.

It would not have been fair to the memory of Frank Norris, who before his untimely death gave promise of becoming one of our foremost novelists and who produced "The Pit," "The Octopus," and others, to publish this book without a word of explanation. The work shows

marks of college days, and was evidently written under that influence, but being an implacable arraignment of human frailty and too long for popularity, it was laid aside in San Francisco for other work. At the time of the earthquake, the boxes were supposedly burned, but were really carried to a point of safety. It was only within the last year that they were discovered and the MSS. identified. Without revision, and with all its unpruned crudities, it is still above the average work of the literary aspirant. Many would gladly have a claim to its authorship. One feels the gripping force of the story from the very beginning and, tho there is only a sketchy love element and several characters are elaborately introduced and then apparently forgotten, there is no lack of interest. It is not a pleasant story, but a big and compelling one, full of forceful and dramatic situations.

Orczy, Baroness. Unto Caesar. Pp. 382. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A romance of ancient Rome always presupposes certain things: a frenzy of mad kings, arena contests between man and beast, and luxurious feasts at which noble men, so-called, exhibit an almost super-human capacity. Some variety is usually given to the Roman story by the background, whose evil spirit in this instance is not the "Caesar who fiddled" while Rome burned, but the mad emperor Caligula, who was evil-minded enough to inspire any hideous scheme or to father any diabolical plot. As the title suggests, the duty of the Christian to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," is the key-note to the story, which is the love-story of a great Roman soldier, the prefect of Rome, for the emperor's ward and the conflict in his soul between affectionate devotion for Dea Flavia Augusta and the duties imposed on him. It is a thrilling love-story, well balanced.

Porter, Eleanor H. Miss Billy Married. Pp. 383. Boston: The Page Company. \$1.25.

Eleanor H. Porter is better known for "Pollyanna" than for her former "Billy" books, but whatever the reason for reading this new chronicle of "Miss Billy," the result is just as satisfactory to the reader. It is rather a conventional love-story of married lovers, only Billy is unusual and very lovable. Her establishment of a home of "overflowing happiness" and her constant effort to help others are only evidence of her charitable nature. True, she makes mistakes, but who doesn't? Convinced that she is wrong, she goes bravely to work to put herself right. The attendant love-story of Alice and Arkwright is also interesting, but the main theme is the life of Billy and Bertram, even after Bertram, Jr., has played his part in what threatens for a time to be a tragedy. It is a pretty, engrossing, and amusing romance, well told.

Oppenheim, James. Idle Wives. Pp. 426. New York: The Century Company. \$1.30 net.

So much is said in these days of idleness among women and its responsibility for the unrest that the theme has become sufficiently alive for a novelist to deal with it. Mr. Oppenheim, however, illustrates only one idle wife, Anne Wall, and tho she is

(Continued on page 1497)

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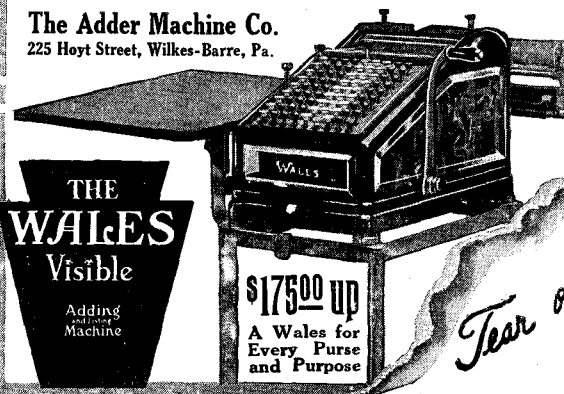
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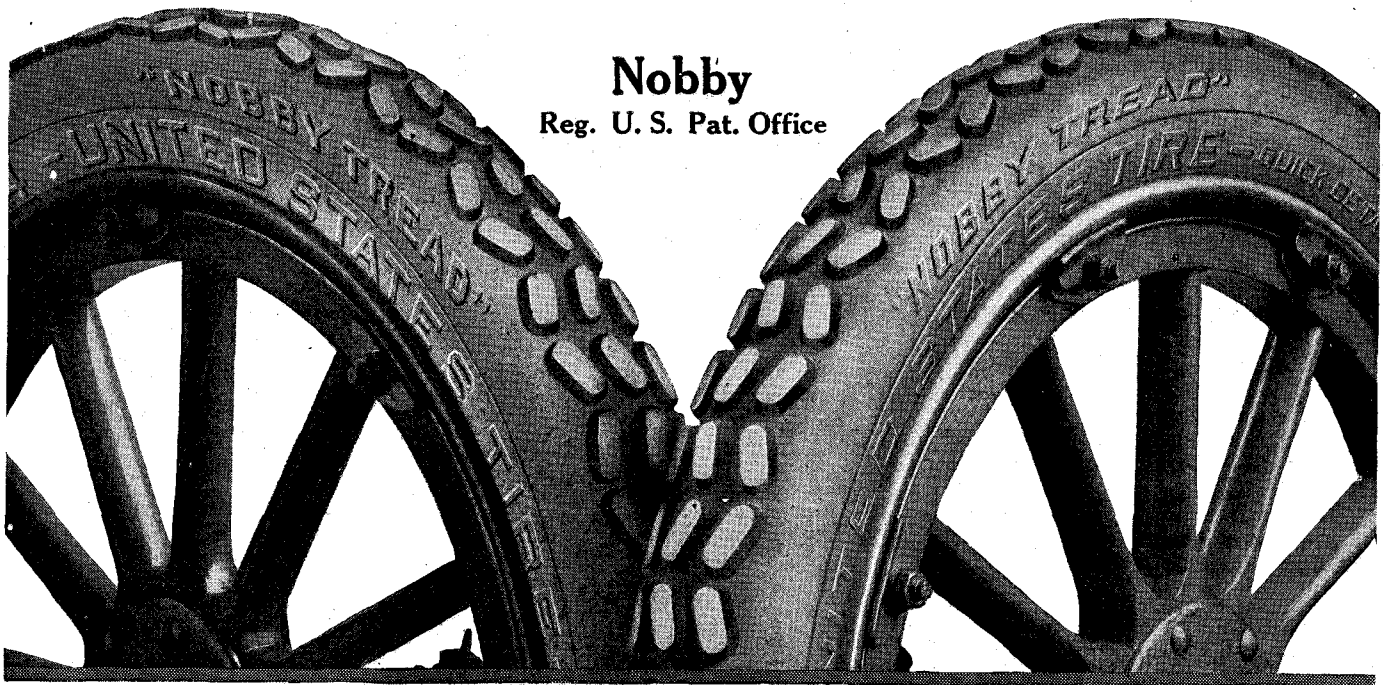
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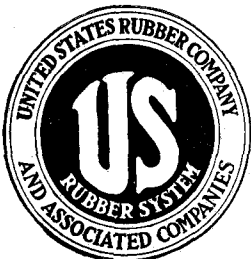
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NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 1495)

rebellious against an aimless existence, she hardly seems to deserve deep sympathy. Married only five years, with two babies, why need she leave them to the tender mercies of a governess just because "John" was successful enough to warrant the luxury? In fairness to the author, perhaps, we ought to accept his premises, in order to get his point of view, but we wish he could work out his story and be natural at the same time. There are really three stories in one, for, besides Anne's rebellion, there is the love of her brother, Richard, for his pretty "widowed" stenographer, which precipitates the break between Anne and John—just because John didn't know enough to keep his mouth shut about Alberta's sad story—and, most engrossing of all, the pitiful story of Molly Shane, who loves pretty things and a "good time" and goes to ruin in spite of the warning of loving parents.

Vaka, Demetra (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). A Child of the Orient. Pp. 297. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Demetra Vaka herself is the heroine of this tale. Childhood and early life are pictured in detail. The author's former literary venture, "Haremlik," met with sympathetic appreciation. The present volume realizes the promise of the former. Tho a Greek, her early years were spent in Constantinople, where her playmates and friends were Turks, tho she had been taught to hate the Turks as oppressors and conquerors of her beloved race and country. Unusually well educated for so young a child, the experiences she relates are full of interest; romantic when she recounts her experiences with her playmates, historical when she deals with more abstract ideas, but it is her personality that dominates the narrative and charms the reader. Revolting against home restrictions, especially against marriage laws, she fled to America at the age of sixteen. She describes her American experiences, while struggling to realize her hope of acquiring our language and studying medicine. She pays tribute to admirable traits in Turkish women, and is very frank in acknowledging her original misconception of American traits and characteristics.

Vorse, Mary Heaton. The Heart's Country. Pp. 291. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mrs. Vorse is an author with power to understand and reproduce underlying forces in different personalities. Her keen insight has dealt equally well with a "very little person" and an "elderly woman." How well she has turned her magic pen to the "land of glamour," "those years when women are in the making and emotions are at the point of effervescence." The very power of early youth "is in the violence of its changes." The life of "Ellen," with her victories and defeats in the "Heart's Country," only illustrates the fact that "the silent making and marring of the hearts of women mean the fate of all men forever." Ellen is a fascinating creation with her irrepressible originality and compelling personality. Her experiences at home and at school, her friendships and love-affairs, reveal a spontaneous and buoyant nature and a deeply affectionate spirit.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE WRECK

A NEWSMAN seeking for accurate information invariably distrusts what he terms "the survivor's story" of an accident. Without delving into the psychology of the matter, he knows by experience that much of what is "remembered" happened mostly only in the mind of the narrator. In the stories that have been told of the wreck of the *Empress of Ireland*, as in similar stories of other tremendous catastrophes, there have been conflicting statements, and while the events were stated with more or less accuracy in the order of their occurrence, no two stories were exactly alike. They ranged all the way from the account of one man who knew to the minute when each event of the wreck occurred to the queer and yet striking story of one poor individual who was discovered wandering about, still dazed, in a Quebec hotel, the day after the occurrence. This survivor's account is anything but accurate, but in its very incoherence serves, perhaps, to give the reader a true feeling of what it is really like to be in a marine disaster. The interview is taken from the *New York Sun*:

Here in the lobby of the Château Frontenac an old man was pacing up and down at seven o'clock this morning, collarless, hatless, and restless. He is one of the survivors of the *Empress of Ireland* and a man with a tale—a sort of ancient mariner.

He refuses his name, but he talks about the disaster, and many others refer reporters to him. His is curious information, given in jerky sentences with sudden, impetuous rushes of words, and then sudden silences as he paces up and down the floor.

The old man turned on his heel and looked down at his boots.

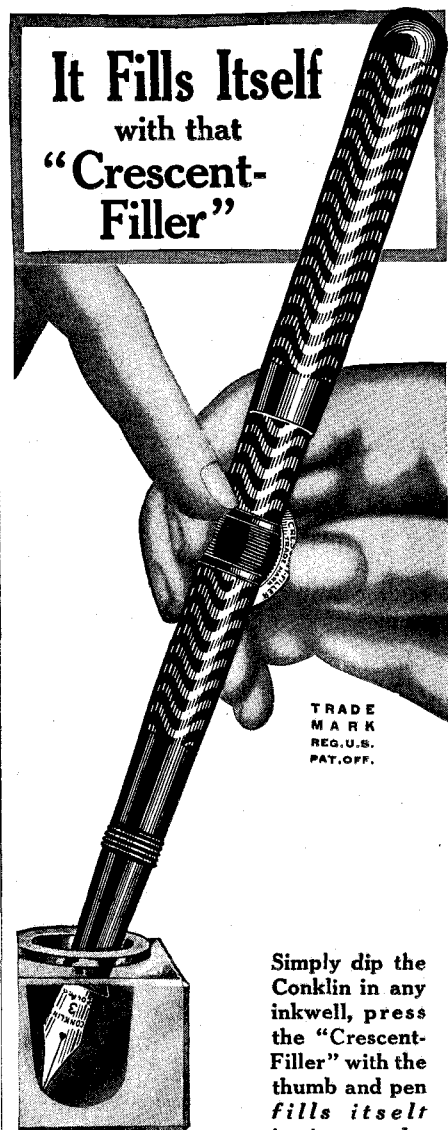
"Not bad boots, eh?" he queried with a birdlike twist of his neck and a wry smile. "Fit pretty good, got them in the village, queer little village. Didn't know what had struck it. Neither did we."

"But the story, sir, how did it happen?"

"I was counting. The ship was as still as a dish on a shelf. I was lying next the outer wall of the cabin, where I could hear the engines beating sleepily down below. I could hear the quiet splashing of the water from the bow and every little while a sort of crash as a bigger wave rose and hit her on the nose. She was a pretty ship. There was a little motion, a little heave now and again, but nothing else.

"In the evening I read my Testament in the music-room of the second-class. There was some singing going on, but it never disturbs me. I was reading about our Lord in the garden, but I was thinking about the noises of the ship, quiet, sleepy noises, dreamy, far-away noises that should have put me to sleep.

"Just when I was sort of sleeping down into a doze there was a bump—it



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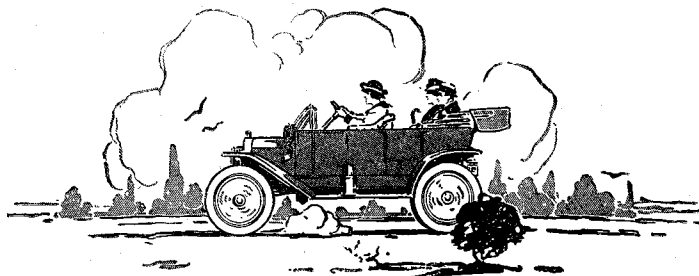
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Your Ford Car

Why it should
be lubricated
with Gargoyle
Mobiloil "E"



IN lubricating Ford Cars, there are eight vital considerations. Each one must be met if the motor is to deliver its full power and be free from undue heat and wear.

These factors are:

(1) **Speed, Bore and Stroke.** Under the hood you have a small, high-speed motor. The Ford speed conditions demand oil of a different body from that demanded by low-speed conditions. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets this Ford need with scientific exactness.

(2) **Piston Clearance.** The Ford pistons are closely fitted. Each piston has two upper rings, and one lower ring and an oil groove. The lower ring tends to prevent a surplus of oil working into the combustion chamber, while the oil groove insures proper lubrication of the wrist-pin. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the correct film for the Ford piston clearance.

(3) **Lubricating System.** The oil is supplied to the crank case. The connecting rods dip. All parts of the Ford motor are supplied by splash lubrication, requiring an oil which will atomize readily. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has the scientifically correct body to properly distribute to all the friction surfaces.

(4) **Cooling.** The Ford motor is water-cooled by the Thermo-Syphon System, and is equipped with two forward speeds. The continued use of low gear often causes overheating. For full protection, oil should be used which distributes freely to the heated frictional surfaces, as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does.

(5) **Ignition.** The Ford system of ignition is by low-tension magneto, located in the fly-wheel, employing a four unit coil of the vibrator type. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will burn cleanly from ignition points—a most important consideration.

(6) **Bearings.** The Ford bearings are of the two-bolt type, brass with Babbitt lining, closely fitted. The correct body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to properly reach all parts of the closely-fitted bearings.

(7) **Carbon Deposit.** To insure the least carbon under all conditions, an oil should be used whose only deposit will be of a dry, non-adhesive character—easily and naturally expelled through the exhaust. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," if the proper level is maintained, will deposit little if any carbon in a Ford motor.

(8) **Extreme Weather Conditions.** On hot summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under overheated conditions, often due to faulty lubrication. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to absorb and radiate heat. On cold winter days oil is required of a fluidity which enables it to meet low-temperature conditions and permit ease in cranking the motor. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" completely fills these requirements.

Above we have said little about *quality*. The Vacuum Oil Company, recognized world-leaders in scientific lubrication, have been specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for almost half a century.

We guarantee Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to be fully up to the high standard demanded of all Gargoyle products.

It easily reaches all friction surfaces and gives thorough protection after distribution.

In one case, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" should *not* be used.

1910 Models. In the models of that year motor conditions were slightly different. For 1910 and earlier models use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for winter.

To Owners of Other Cars:

The analysis above is one of over 400 similar engineering studies of different American and foreign cars.

Whatever the make or model of your car, you can get the benefit of these analyses and our advice, based on them, from our complete Lubricating Chart. A copy will be mailed on request.

We will also mail you on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

Gargoyle Mobiloils can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

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A grade for each type of motor.

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did not seem to me a very bad bump—then a crash and things began tearing. The steel seemed to bend and twist under my hand as I touched the cabin wall getting out of the bunk. It made a shrieking noise.

"I did not wait for anything. I ran out, and before I reached the stairs the floor seemed to drop under me, and instead of being level under my feet rose like a hill. I could hear a tremendous roar of water rushing in somewhere and at the same time a tremendous sweep of wind.

"The air of the ship came up from below as the water rushed in. I scrambled up the tilting floor and reached the balustrade of the companionway. There was a sudden sort of 'glug' like water coming out of a near empty water-bottle. She twisted again and the stairs were at a crazy angle. But I scrambled up. I take dumb-bell exercise every morning of my life, I do, and I got up somehow to the level of the saloon deck.

"I went like mad. I scrambled up the sloping floor to the high side and I knew by instinct there would be rising water on the other side and I got on deck. She began to turn over like when you see a horse rolling in a field. Her great big whitish-looking belly turned slowly upward and I jumped far, because, as she slewed over, her length of side increased. Then I was in the water."

It is undoubtedly only an impressionistic picture, and one that would be utterly useless as evidence in determining what really occurred out there in the St. Lawrence River; but it affords a glimpse of what was occurring in the "ancient mariner's" mind, and, very likely, in the minds of most of the *Empress's* passengers. Evidently even he saw the folly of trying to express the whole affair coherently, for presently, says the writer, he stopt abruptly:

"I've talked enough," he snapt, rubbing the back of his hand against his cheek. "I've blabbed like a fool. No fool like an old fool. Got a match? Never mind. What'd I do? Swam. Ever swim for your life? I did once in a mill-race. Fell in. Never drowned. My father licked me. Eh? What'd I do? Swam. I'm the best swimmer in our town."

His face suddenly went grave; he whitened and hurried to a bell-boy's chair near at hand.

"I saw," he said, "I saw just grayness, grayness, grayness, and that damned water lapping, lapping like a fool dog that has ruined a flower-bed and then stands sniffing at it, wondering what made things look so untidy. I never hated water so in my life before.

"It didn't seem wicked or vicious or menacing or cruel, but just foolish, like an idiot fooling with a double-barreled shot-gun and hopping around and laughing about it. There was a bit of a wind and it tittered, and there was a bit of sea and it hopped up and down sort of care-free, and aimless, as tho to say, 'Oh, see what I done. Ain't I awful?'

"At first I swam because I was excited and had lost my head; then I floated and got my wind. Then I shouted. The wind

just snickered around and I began to prepare to meet my Maker, but it was willed for me to be spared. I was picked up by a life-boat—a big Swede dragged me in."

The old man is still pacing the floor, "resting" his nerves, as he calls it.

"CZAR" MCGRAW

"THAT fellow McGraw has a cinch of a job, just hanging around a ball park for a couple of hours in the afternoon and getting paid maybe thirty thousand dollars a year for it. And take it from me—for all his world's championship—I've seen him make more blunders in managing the Giants than you'd dream of! Why, honestly, I have watched games where he made mistakes that my twelve-year-old son wouldn't make!" It is such remarks as this, drifting down on the summer breeze from the grand stand to the players' bench, that cause callous spots to form on a manager's disposition, unless he is very careful, and unless he has too firm a belief in his men and in his own knowledge of baseball to heed them. John McGraw says he has heard similar remarks any number of times, let fall by life-members of the Never-Lose Club and the Little Brotherhood of Unconsulted Napoleons. And with this by way of preface he starts, in *The Associated Sunday Magazines*, to inform the public just what the job of creating Giants is like. As Caesar would say, it is all divided into three parts—winning games, handling the players, and building the team. The part that the fan sees, and the one upon which such criticisms as the above are based, is the first and the least trying of the three. Yet even this branch of the managerial task is not always completely exposed to the public. If the Giants win partly because of the superior ability that they as a team possess, they also win, and doubtless more often, by the skill with which one John McGraw plays off their good points against the weaknesses of the opposing team. For example, he states the law of the "stage of the game," which he tries to drill into all the men. Following this law, McGraw does not hesitate to change his tactics instantaneously, if the stage of the game seems to him to demand it. He says:

Suppose Chicago has us by a score of eight to one. That is the stage of the game where you want to get as many men on base as possible and keep them there. The point of this is that three men on base have a greater psychological value in unsteady the opposing pitcher than if there are only one or two on.

In a game against St. Louis, when we were five runs behind at the opening of the ninth inning, I worked on that principle, and we won out. Early in the inning Murray was on second base, with another man on first. As the next batter lined out

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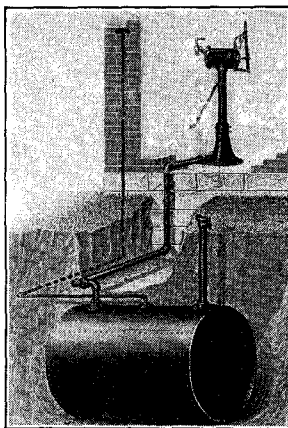
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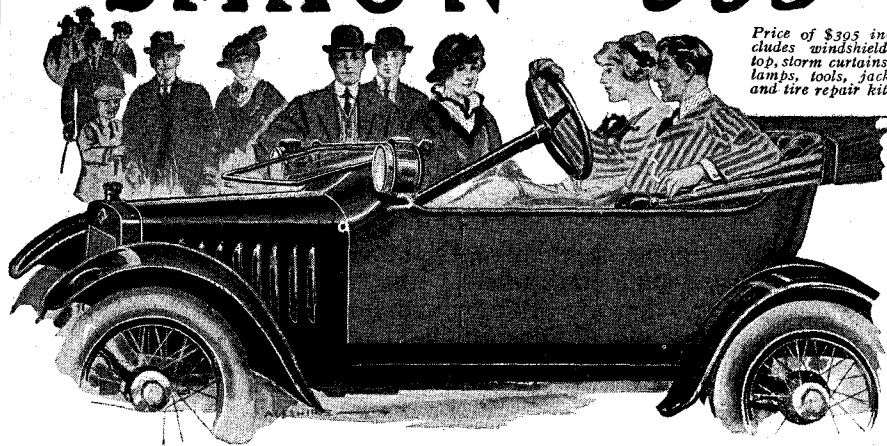
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34.53 miles average per gallon of gasoline.
Less than half a cent a mile for fuel.
Less than one-fourth cent per mile per passenger.
Best record 47.05 miles per gallon.

These are a few records of Saxon Cars in 200-mile nation-wide non-stop runs, made on the same day in more than 100 cities.

This contest was not a "stunt" affair on a single gallon of high grade gasoline, but an impressive, common-sense test. In one day at each city a Saxon car made 200 miles in non-stop running. The motor had to run whether the car was making mileage or not—during all stops, no matter for what cause. All records were vouched for by newspaper men who acted as official observers.

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Think what these records mean—not only in economy but in reliability as well.

Over 100 Saxons in more than 100 different places covered 200 miles each in non-stop running under official observation—in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads, up all kinds of hills—setting a world's record in economy, averaging 34.53 miles per gallon of gasoline, making perfect scores and showing speed as high as 45 miles per hour.

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In one day the Saxon proved to the whole nation that it is the most economical car to run—and that it can stand up and keep running under the severest service.

More evidence of Saxon reliability is being supplied by the "135-mile-a-day" Saxon. This Saxon, after travelling 135 miles a day for 30 days, equivalent to a year's average service, is now crossing the Lincoln Highway—from New York to San Francisco.

See the nearest Saxon dealer—name on request—and arrange for a Saxon ride.

SAXON Motor Company, Detroit
DEPT. D

a long single, Murray tore round third for home. Instead of permitting him to score, however, I waved him back to third. It gave us three men on base—three dancing, shouting, gesticulating base-runners—and the St. Louis pitcher blew up.

We go after different pitchers in different ways. Loudermilk pitched a game for St. Louis against us in which he had us beaten until the sixth inning. I thought that Loudermilk was wild. I told our men to make him pitch his head off in the first five innings; in other words, to wait him out. They did so; but he gained control. Then with the sixth inning we shifted tactics.

"Hit everything you can reach," I told them.

Loudermilk, you see, had gone to pieces because of the overwork we had forced on him by waiting.

Often when the Giants are in the midst of a hitting streak I tell the next man who goes to bat to bunt. This is so different from what has happened—the ring and whistle of hard drives—that the third baseman is likely to be taken off his guard and make a wild throw. Then, with the infield breaking, I can either order bunts or hits smashed through it. This is an old principle which I first put in use down at Baltimore. Rusie, the greatest pitcher of his day, was against us. We could not hit the ball out of the diamond. The men who followed me on the batting order were Keeler, Jennings, Kelly, and Brodie. I said to them:

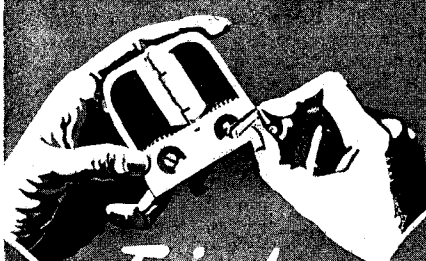
"Let's bunt on this fellow. Everybody do it."

I began it, with a nasty little tap that rolled elusively near the pitcher's box. Big Rusie lunged after it, slipped, and fell on his head. When he scrambled to his feet I was on first base. Then came four bunts in succession, and every man was safe. It had put the New York infield up in the air.

If I see that an opposing pitcher is wild, I make it my business for the Giants to help him be wild. They wait him out. They stand up there making no attempt to hit the ball, and he is forced to do his utmost to put it over the plate. He knows that they are making him pitch. And when you make the ordinary pitcher think that he has got to pitch—why, he generally blows up. He beats himself. On the other hand, if the opposing pitcher is steady, I give orders to hit right out against him.

Another criticism of the fans that McGraw has overheard at various times is based on the fact that the Giants' manager is often not to be seen on the field at all during a game, or has left the coaching-box for the bench when the game has turned against his own team. To the crowd this looks like quitting, whereas it is really a means toward more efficient coaching. When a game needs concentrated attention and careful thought, McGraw chooses to give it these from the comparative seclusion and quiet of the bench, rather than while performing the duties of a side-line coach. He narrates instances where concentration paid:

I remember one game when we were



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playing St. Louis and Sallee was announced as a St. Louis pitcher. I immediately gave my men orders to bunt. I realized that it was early in the season and Sallee was not yet in very good physical condition. A bunting game would stand him on his head and tire him out. The Giants bunted, and to offset this form of attack Bresnahan, the St. Louis manager, rearranged his infield. He made Mowrey, his third baseman, move in nearer the plate so as to be sure and get our bunts. At once I changed our tactics.

"Hit it out," I told the Giants.

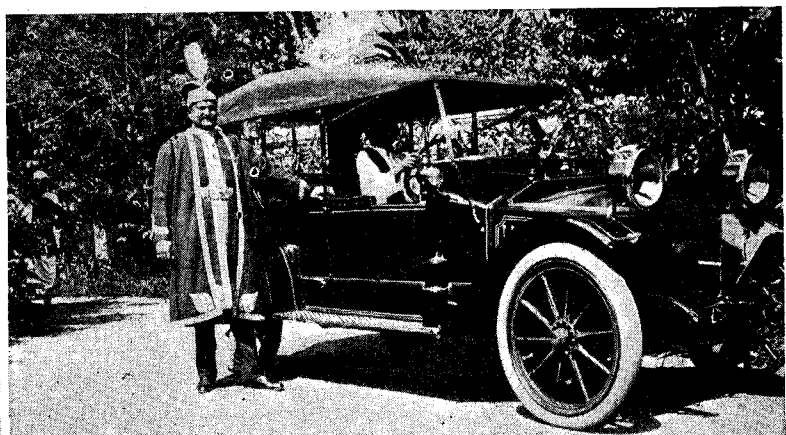
A liner whistled past Mowrey, then another. The game had broken, and Bresnahan took Sallee from the box. We made thirteen runs in that inning.

In 1904 I won the National League championship with players who were new to one another. The result was that I had to play the game myself. By this I do not mean that I occupied a position on the team; I directed it from the bench. Whenever the batter was up in a critical stage, he would tie his shoe or fix his belt so as to give him time to glance at the bench to see what I wanted him to do. We had a system of signals that governed every situation on the field. I know it was condemned by some managers; but in our case it was necessary. Whenever I wanted the man at plate to bunt I used to blow my nose. Honestly, before I got through that year my nose was red. The opposing team as well as my own men were watched. If one of our outfielders was playing too close for a certain batter, I often stopt the game and made him change his position. Once I detected a Brooklyn catcher's signs and tipped off our batters. I was seldom seen on the coaching line that year. We won the pennant from the bench.

I recall one of our games in Pittsburg. We were two runs to the good; but in the seventh inning Clarke, the Pirate captain, came to bat with two men on base. Two were out; but if Clarke hit safely the game was gone. Glancing over our team, I saw something wrong with the way McCormick, our left-fielder, was playing his position. I at once jumped up from the bench and ran up to Meyers, who was catching. He stopt the game, and with a wave of his arm drew McCormick in close to third base. A moment later Clarke smashed a low liner over third base, and McCormick dashed in and just caught the ball about an inch above ground. The game was saved. I knew that Clarke, a left-hand batter, would in nine times out of ten hit in the direction he had when facing a left-handed curve-ball pitcher like Wiltse.

McGraw tells his men, "Do what I tell you, and I'll take the blame if it goes wrong." Yet this should not convey the idea that his men are mere faultless automatons. On the contrary, his great managerial policy is: Learn to know every man under you, get under his skin, know his whims and faults; then cater to him—with kindness or roughness, as his case may demand. He narrates some instances of his work with the men individually:

I used to worry more over Devore than any other man except Raymond. Josh was a harmless, likable little fellow, utterly different from Bugs. He was lazy, tho,



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*Brewster & Co., "DeLaunay-Belleville"	*Herreshoff Motor Co.	*The Pierce Arrow Motor Car Co.
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—kept fresh in this refrigerator basket—can be packed, carried any distance and enjoyed with a relish. The nickel-plated, tin-lined ice compartment in a

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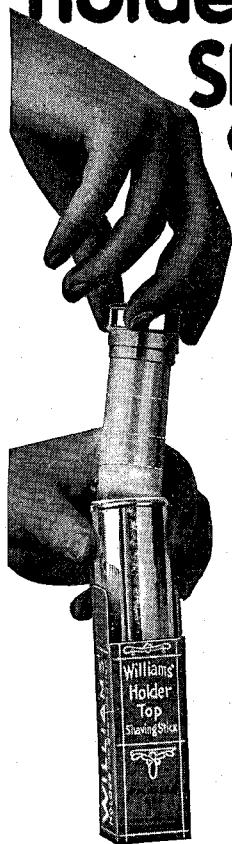
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and like Marquard I always had to "ride him." I remember once in a close game in Philadelphia that he and Marquard, who roomed together when the club was on the road, were sitting on the bench talking about their suite in a high-priced Philadelphia hotel. When a critical contest is on I will not stand for my men discussing other things than baseball. It not only distracts their attention, but mine and the other players'.

"Say, Rube," began Devore, "ain't that room of ours a dandy?"

"Best in the lot," replied Marquard.

"It's got five windows and swell furniture," continued Devore.

"Solid mahogany," I interrupted. "And that'll be about all for you fellows. If I hear any more of that talk during this game, I'll fine you ten dollars apiece."

The talk ended, and they concentrated on the game.

I have always had my hands full in handling players. It used to be a common saying among big league managers, "If you have a bad actor, trade him to McGraw." I got the reputation for taking men in hand with whom other managers would not be bothered.

I believe that worrying over Bugs Raymond took five years off my life. I never saw such a case of ruined baseball talents. I clung to Raymond simply because I thought there was a chance that he might come to know himself. I blame the newspapers for his downfall. They called him "Bugs." They faked up stories about him. They exploited his bad habits, until in his childish, weak way he thought every lark was an achievement that was making a hero of him.

I believe in the "watch-dog" policy whenever it is necessary. I have always made it a point to maintain strict surveillance over my players when they are off the field. I have not had to do this so much with my present team; for they are about the cleanest collection of ball-players that it has ever been my good fortune to manage. Around 1906, tho, it was different.

I had a man on that club who when in condition was a really great player. But he had too many friends who insisted on buying him champagne. I kept strict watch on him, and finally got him into good shape. His eyes and his skin were clear. Then we took a long, crucial trip on the road, and the playing of this man on whom I had counted went to pieces. I studied his case, and it puzzled me. Every night I remained in the hotel lobby watching him. About eleven o'clock he would always say:

"I guess I'll go up-stairs, Mac. Nothing like sleep to give you ginger."

Then he would get into the elevator. I would feel relieved—and the next day he would be worse than ever. This went on for more than a week, and I was utterly bewildered. One night when we were in Chicago I went to the baggage-room of the hotel to make inquiries about a trunk that had gone astray. Near the baggage-room was the freight-elevator, and my ball-player, who was puzzling me, slept out. An hour before he had gone to his room, using the passenger-elevator.

I slept out of sight. He did not see me, and left the hotel. Then and there I made up my mind to have it out; so I sat in the

(Continued on page 1504)

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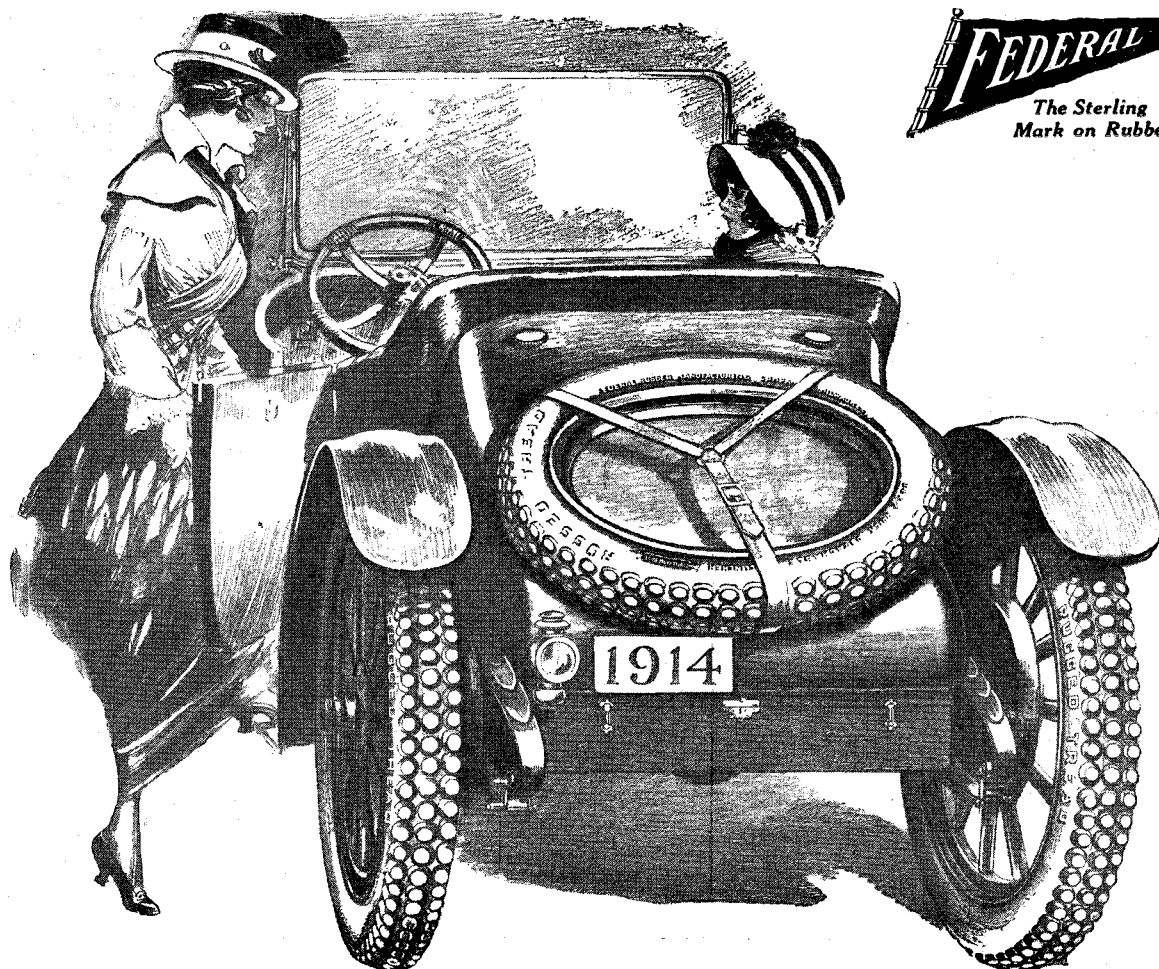
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The big, broad, thick projections, set in parallel rows, give perfect traction in the mud-di-est, sandiest roads or on the slipperiest pavements. They grip *any* surface tenaciously from every angle. They save many a puncture, too, by deflecting sharp objects from the path of the tire.

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Double-Cable-Base Overcomes Four Costly Tire Troubles

Our exclusive double-cable-base construction eliminates rim-cutting, side wall blowouts just above the rim, tube pinching and the danger of a tire slipping off its rim. In Federal Tires, heavy endless double steel cables are imbedded in the tire base, instead of the many fine wires or the single cable found in other tires. The heavy double cables, anchoring the tire firmly to the rim, enable us to use a soft flexible bead-filler, which *cannot* cut and grind into the side-

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(Continued from page 1502)

lobby and waited. He didn't show up until five o'clock in the morning, and I plastered a fine on him that covered up his pay envelop for a few weeks to come. But fines didn't bother him much, and I finally had to let him go—a wonderful player, too.

With my team I am an absolute czar. My men know it. I order plays and they obey. If they don't, I fine them. Devore, for example, was never able to bat against a left-handed pitcher. He was afraid of being hit with the ball. One day when Sallee, the St. Louis left-hander, was pitching, I told Devore:

"You go up there and let Sallee hit you. If you don't, it will cost you ten dollars."

Now Josh is as fond of ten dollars as the next man; so he let one of Sallee's curves crack him on the hip, and he trotted to first base, grinning. I was on the first-base coaching line.

"Say, Mac," he said, "that was a cinch. That fellow couldn't break a pane of glass. Gee! it gets me sore to think that I was afraid of him."

That's the way it goes. From that day Devore was always able to bat against left-handed pitchers. He no longer feared them. The point is that you have to study every man under you and simply make them units to be used in carrying out your policies. That is my key to successful baseball managership.

MR. MALONE'S DILEMMA

THE Collector of the Port of New York has been for some time making a collection of undesirable implements of personal warfare and crime. This was not done from choice, but because the United States Government commanded it. And now that the collection grows and grows, the Collector would gladly rid himself of the responsibility incurred in maintaining it, but can not. He is so hedged around by contradictory and entangling Federal, State, and Municipal laws that he is powerless to get rid of the contraband. Moreover, he comes very near committing a heinous offense by retaining them in his possession at all. The Paterson *Call* comments on the ludicrous plight of this would-be obedient official:

Many packing-cases filled with pistols, "brass knuckles," and various gambling devices, all of which have been seized from passengers arriving from foreign countries, are causing Collector of the Port of New York Dudley Field Malone much worry. He can not see how he will be able to avoid breaking one of several laws. One of the strictest custom laws directs the seizure of all articles contraband under the statutes of a State in which a foreign steamship arrives. For a year or more, therefore, the customs inspectors have been taking possession of all pistols, daggers, and other weapons found in the baggage of steamship passengers landing at New York City because the Sullivan Law forbids the possession of such weapons. Because one of the provisions of the Sullivan Law forbids sell-

Physicians Known as

being "ahead of their time" are reading and considering—and many are employing for themselves—the methods of Dr. Paul Dubois described by him in "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders." Dr. Dubois has made a unique reputation in Europe by his series of brochures laying before the medical fraternity his methods evolved in 20 years' successful specialization with nervous patients. American translation by Drs. Smith Ely Jelliffe and Wm. A. Waite, with copious index. 471 pages, \$3 net—\$3.15 postpaid from FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York.

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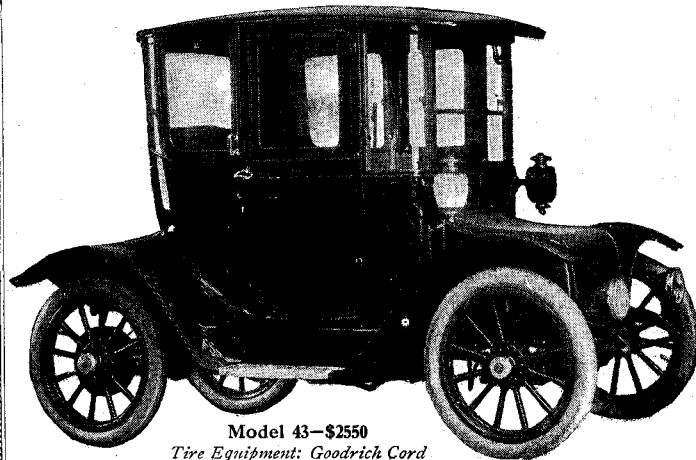
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

ing or transporting weapons in the State, Mr. Malone asked the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury. He was informed that the Federal law plainly states that all articles seized from passengers which are not later claimed by them or returned to them must be sold at auction in the appraisers' stores. This was held to include weapons, as the Federal law made no distinction. Mr. Malone was informed that the United States would expect him to sell the accumulated weapons and gambling appurtenances "and turn over the proceeds to the Treasury Department." Mr. Malone has no desire to violate any law, and therefore he appealed a few days ago to the Attorney-General of New York State for a solution of the difficulty. Mr. Carmody, the Attorney-General, replied to Mr. Malone that the law not only plainly forbids him to sell these weapons and gambling devices at public auction or any other kind of sale, but it also declares that he is guilty of a felony if he keeps them. If there is one kind of citizen that Mr. Malone is not, it is a felon. Greatly perturbed, he telegraphed to Washington for permission to destroy the weapons and gambling devices. The answer quickly came saying that the law specifically forbids him to destroy any seized articles.

MAYOR BAKER OF CLEVELAND

THE city of Cleveland, it appears, has achieved a civic motto. It has established a slogan of progress with which it intends to surge on to the Utopia of Civic Righteousness. Also it has coined the word "civitism," which means a sort of combination of Home Rule and the Golden Rule for Cleveland. Cleveland practically owns its own street railway; it is on the road toward owning its own telephone system, water-works, steam plant, docks, and other public utilities. It owns a municipal orchestra of a high class. It owns—the gift of its present Mayor—clean, bright, pleasure-affording three-cent dance-halls. Last year the school children, generated by a woman, Dr. Jean Dawson, actually accomplished the impossible and made Cleveland a flyless city, driving out every one of these pests and destroying completely their breeding-places. This is a "reform spirit" that does things. Its birth and early growth are due largely, says Burton J. Hendricks in *The World's Work*, to the hearty encouragement and earnest assistance that it has received from Cleveland's recent executives. Each in his own characteristic way has given of his best to the city's good. The former Mayor Johnson, or "Mayor Tom," as he was called, was the victim of a belligerent disposition. Intensely capable tho he was in office, he kept Cleveland in a constant state of warfare. What he wanted was good, good for himself, his city, and its citizens, and he knew it and was determined to get it. Being the type of

(Continued on page 1507)



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We build our own motors, bodies, batteries, controllers, rear axles,—we make our own special tools and jigs—to insure absolute

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For the small manufacturer such a policy would be extravagant if not impossible. But this policy is economical

and logical with the manufacturer of the Detroit Electric, for Detroit Electric cars lead all others in volume of sales. In fact, every third electric built and sold today is a Detroit Electric.

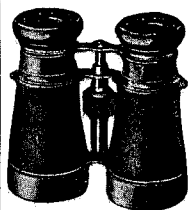
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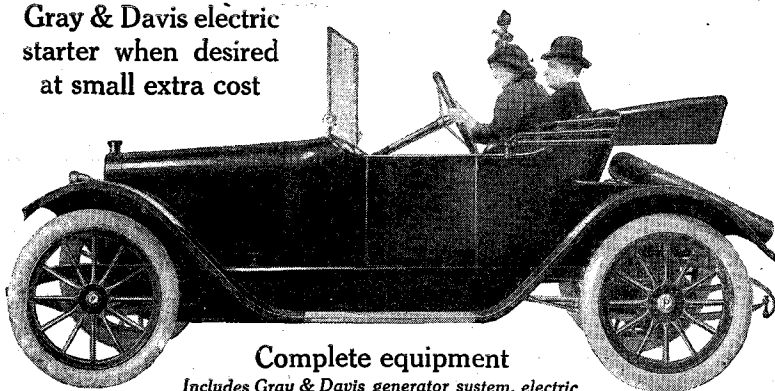
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2000 dealers wanted quickly Whether you want a car for your own personal use, or to act as agent, you can't get away from this offer.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(Continued from page 1505)

man he was, that signified turning over pretty thoroughly any time-honored institution that opposed him. To a man of "Mayor Tom's" caliber, any unnecessary concessions to peace savored of faint-heartedness and weak-kneed diplomacy. All the more strange, then, is the contrast between this man and his successor, quiet little Mr. Baker. In the opinion of Mr. Hendrick, Cleveland has in Mr. Baker substituted a lamb for a lion. He is most assuredly as redoubtable and doughty a fighter for civic development as ever was Mayor Johnson, but his weapon is the rapier rather than the bludgeon, and his methods are those of one who avoids unnecessary carnage, even at the risk of losing much gratuitous sensational advertising. Mr. Hendrick says, in describing the present mayor:

He is a small, dark-haired, brown-eyed, boyish figure. After wheeling around in his chair to greet his visitor, Mr. Baker throws one leg under his body and sits upon it. This leaves the other swinging free, and it barely reaches the ground. His appearance brings to mind a story that is told of his undergraduate days at Johns Hopkins University. On one of the appearances of Booth and Barrett in Shakespearian parts, Mr. Baker, with other students, appeared at the theater in search of temporary employment as a "super." The stage-manager stood by while the line of candidates passed along for inspection. As soon as this autocrat detected Mr. Baker, he pushed him contemptuously out of the procession. "There are no Cupids in this show!" he shouted, as the disappointed gladiator vanished through the stage door.

Mr. Baker's appearance is still quite Puck-like. One would easily take him for a Latin tutor or a mincing theolog. His colorless face too clearly lacks acquaintance with out-of-doors; its indentations, however, disclose that Mr. Baker is not so young as he at first seems—they show that he, like his predecessor, has had his moments of agitation and trial. Indeed, if one ignores the slender body and focuses upon the face and head, a different and stronger impression is obtained. Here the man is full-grown—there is nothing juvenile, nothing callow. Tho the rest of the tenement may be undersized, the head itself is ample in its proportions. Mr. Baker wears a small shoe but a large hat. A six-footer's top-piece is superimposed upon a boy's body.

This impression that one gains from a personal meeting, of a man whose life is lived mostly within four walls, and whose activities are all of the mental variety, is borne out by a glance at his surroundings, the furnishings of his study, the books upon the book-shelves. These the writer describes:

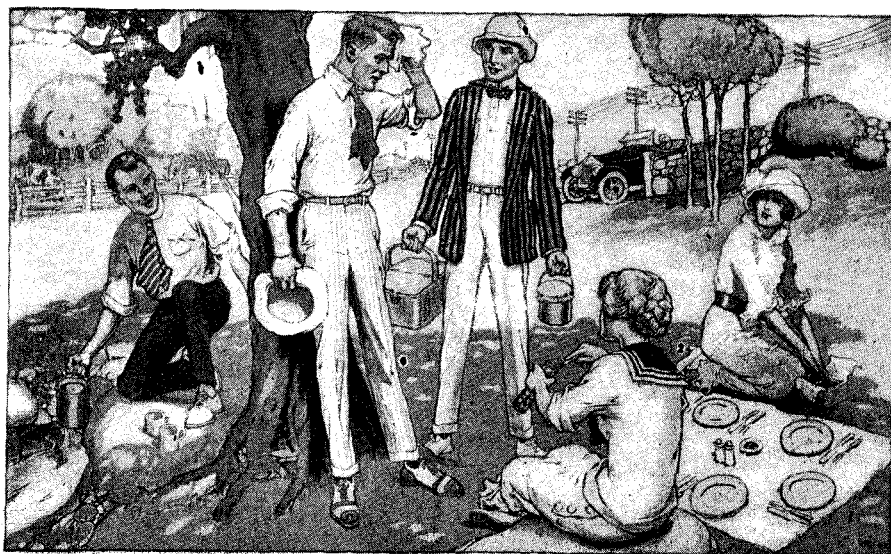
Here is a copy of Bernard Shaw's plays; here the last number of *The Survey*

magazine; the place is littered with large treatises on the initiative and referendum, proportional representation, workingman's compensation, city-planning, and the like. Outside, his friends and associates tell the most amazing stories of the man whom they regard as a prodigy. Greek tragedies, they say, do not terrify him, even in the original. His coat pockets are always stuffed with books and periodicals. The average Clevelander knows his Mayor as a small, huddled-up figure in a trolley-car with his nose deeply plunged into a book. When on the way to a political convention, he commonly spends the time on the train with a copy of some magazine like *The Contemporary Review* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A few years ago, at one of the most exciting Democratic State conventions, the leaders found their favorite champion, surrounded by a howling mob, absorbed in a volume of Browning. As a critical situation was developing, they demanded that he take the floor. Mr. Baker carefully placed his mark in the book, and ascended the platform. In a few moments his sharp, clear voice had quieted the whole gathering; on this occasion, as on almost any other into which Mr. Baker injects his remarkable oratory, he carried his point. Amid heavy applause he returned to his seat, pulled out his book, and continued reading at the point where he had left off.

Mr. Baker comes from a part of the South that felt keenly the disruption and devastation of the Civil War, from the "twilight territory." His native town is Martinsburg, West Virginia, from which his father, a country doctor, went out to serve in the Confederate Army. He can remember that the men he knew as a boy usually wore gray trousers—because they had nothing else to wear. But, tho his youth was overshadowed by the war, his mind was never allowed to be embittered by resentment or prejudice. It is stated that his father's frequent remark was: "This war was a great mistake. We Southerners were wrong; the North was right. We were fighting in a bad cause. I am glad it ended as it did, and so will you be, my boy, when you grow up." As he grew up young Baker became a passionate student of "mere literature," applying to everything his own peculiar methods of analysis. When he returned to Martinsburg after some years' study of law at Washington and Lee University, he was regarded as a "queer one," an unfriendly recluse, and a useless sort of individual. "There's 'Doc' Baker," the grocery-store philosopher is reported to have said: "he's sent his son to college, and see what a d— fool he's made of him!" But philosophers often err, even the grocery-store kind. Young Baker's progress was rapid. His removal to Cleveland and his consequent allegiance to that city came about almost wholly by chance. We read:

One day, in the fall of 1897, while on





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shipboard returning from a European trip, he became interested in two figures—a stiff-necked and much-bored Englishman, and a violent Irishman, evidently engaged in a not overfriendly debate. He drew near; they were discussing home rule. The Irishman was simply pursuing his antagonist, whose chief desire seemed to be to escape.

Mr. Baker, desiring to help him, pitched into the argument, training his guns upon the Irishman. The Englishman slunk away and the new combatant had an energetic time of it. The Irishman was Judge Martin Foran, a big lawyer of Cleveland. He evidently gained a high respect for his nimble friend's mental qualities, for, not long after returning home, he sent Mr. Baker what was practically a command to come to Cleveland and enter law practise as his partner. It was a splendid opportunity and Mr. Baker took it. His introduction to an audience in Cleveland came soon afterward. Judge Foran was a good speaker, in great demand at political meetings. Once, when he had an engagement of this kind, he was taken ill and sent his new partner. No one in the audience had ever heard of the stripling. "Pat" McKinney, who presided, when he reached Judge Foran's number on the list of speakers, looked pityingly at Mr. Baker.

"Judge Foran is sick and can not appear," he said. "He sent his boy to speak for him. Come on, boy, and tell 'em what you know."

Of course the crowd laughed as Mr. Baker tript forward. But he had not practised the Demosthenic experiment for nothing. He was entirely self-possessed; he had spoken only a few clear-cut, staccato words when the laughter changed to the rapt attention; and, long before he had finished, the crowd was just as well pleased that Judge Foran had not appeared. From that moment the "boy" has been one of the most vital elements in the life of Cleveland.

He had, a little later on, to face a big problem and to make a decision that would affect his whole life tremendously. It was the choice between an extremely lucrative career and public service. He chose the latter, and so came under the influence of big "Tom" Johnson. Under this leader of the newer civic spirit, he served long and faithfully. At one time he was a "teacher" in the famous school Johnson established in which voters were shown the prevailing inequalities of taxation. He became Johnson's closest adviser. In the wars that followed with the street-railways of Cleveland and other political enemies, his aid was invaluable. After Johnson's death there was hardly any doubt as to who would be the next Mayor. He was elected in 1911 by the largest majority in the history of the city. In the Presidential campaign that followed within the year, Ohio was a storm-center of the Democratic side, and Mayor Baker was in the midst of it, fighting with every nerve on the side of his old friend, Woodrow Wilson. It was a splendid effort, but, Mr.

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Hendrick avers, may be regarded only as an episode in Mr. Baker's career, for he, then as now, had only one excuse for being in politics. That one is the city of Cleveland. Mr. Hendrick continues:

He is a city man; his mission, as he conceives it, is to improve conditions in that political entity which such increasing numbers of men and women are selecting as their homes—the city. He has invented and done his best to popularize a new word—civitism. "Civitism" signifies the same thing for the town that the word patriotism does for the nation. It is love and devotion to the particular city in which we live.

What, then, is a city that represents the fruition of "civitism"? In the first place, it would be a community that rules itself; a kind of municipal republic. Matters that affected the State or the nation, Mayor Baker would leave to these agencies; matters that affected the cities, the cities would govern themselves. The outlying districts, for example, should have nothing to do with regulating Cleveland's morals or its street-railway companies. Cleveland should have the right to tax itself for its own purposes and to decide the way in which this should be done. Clevelanders are especially sensitive on this point, as they have suffered almost to distraction from the interference of the State. This point Mayor Baker has already won. His new "Home-Rule" charter, in the making of which he was most influential, makes the city self-governing, with a minimum of State control.

But his devotion to the city of his adoption does not end here, for Mr. Baker believes that a city, if it is to show to the world anything approaching a spiritual beauty, must possess a physical beauty as well. He has planned a great civic center that will be a model to all the country of combined beauty and utility. It includes a beautiful new city hall and a \$17,000,000 union railroad station. Nor is he satisfied to rest here. He knows too well the part that healthful pleasure plays in good citizenship. Of his other plans we read:

Mayor Baker also thinks that the future American city, to a great degree, will provide for and regulate popular amusements. Already he has created a municipal orchestra, which gives symphonies in the winter and open-air concerts in the summer. His personal taste in this controls, as in everything. He early stopt the ragtime which largely filled the program at band concerts; now the composers who receive most attention are Wagner, Verdi, Donizetti, with a dash of Sullivan and Victor Herbert. He has warred upon the manifest vulgarities of the moving-picture shows and is getting ready to assault the monstrosities of the bill-boards. Already he has started several municipal dance-halls, where working girls and boys, at three cents a head, can enjoy a wholesome evening. The order maintained at these places has found expression in a popular joke: "There are only a few places in Cleveland where you can see modesty and decent dancing—and those are Mayor Baker's three-cent dance-halls."

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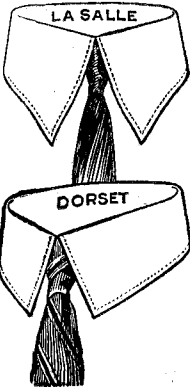
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CHUNG KING KWONG SKIPS A MEAL

THE Honorable Chung King Kwong left China and abandoned his duties there as Commissioner of Education and Provincial Secretary of the Province of Kwangtung, all because the Honorable Lung Tsai Kwong, Governor of the Province, invited him to dinner. The Honorable Lung Tsai Kwong is the most original host in the world. For that reason the Honorable Chung will remain in New York City until he has official notice from the President of the Chinese Republic that his would-be host has forgiven him for declining the dinner invitation. In China political enemies are often very annoying. Why be annoyed? The Chinese is exceedingly rational and reasonable and decides to do away with the annoyance. As a preliminary he invites it to dinner. The dinner is a gorgeous one, especially when the host is such an epicure as the Honorable Governor of Kwangtung; everything is done to add to the diner's enjoyment. All this for an enemy, remember. A strange way of doing things, surely, and yet not more strange than our custom of allowing a prisoner under death sentence to order what he likes the day before his execution. The only difference is that we do not make our victims so comfortable or content, for ours have always the knowledge of impending doom to spoil their appetites. But let the Honorable Chung tell of his escape for himself, as he narrated it to a reporter on the New York *Tribune*:

"I am here because the Hon. Lung Tsai Kwong, the Governor of the Province of Kwangtung, invited me to attend a sumptuous banquet held in my honor on September 17 last."

"Was the banquet good?" the writer asked.

Dean Chung smiled broadly and answered:

"I have no doubt it was excellent, for the Hon. Lung is an epicure. He is a Chinese Lucullus, with a strong admixture of Borgia temperament in his make-up. But I may be doing wrong to the memory of the Borgias. For they did things with a finesse that the Hon. Lung is a stranger to.

"Do not think I am ungrateful. I deeply appreciate the honor of the invitation to be the guest of the Honorable Lung. But when I received the invitation I remembered a banquet he tendered in honor of my friend, the Honorable Chang King Wa, the honest Commissioner of Police of Canton, and my other good friend, Colonel Chan Chung Pan, on September 15, two days before the date set for my banquet."

Still it was not plain why one should decline an invitation to a banquet worthy of Lucullus in the radiant residence of the Governor of the Province of Kwangtung, with a menu composed of birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, and black bass cooked with herbs and fruits, and known as sweet and sour bass; roast duck with pineapple and lychee nuts, cold sliced chicken with

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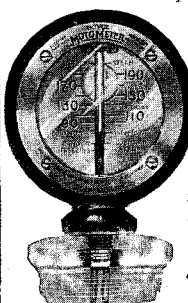
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mustard, and other viands merely to mention which makes the mouth water, to say nothing of tea fit for all the gods to drink.

"You are curious to know why I didn't attend the banquet?" asked Dean Chung. "I will not keep you anxious any longer. It was because—but first let me tell you this: My friend, the Honorable and Honest Commissioner of Police of Canton is dead. So is the Honorable and Valiant Colonel Chan Chung Pan. And the Honorable Lung Tsai Kwong killed them."

"Was their food poisoned?" asked Dean Chung's interviewer, recalling the reference to the Borgias.

"Oh, no," replied Dean Chung. "Their food was excellent; that is, the food served them by the faithful servitors of the Honorable Lung. But after they had eaten their last grain of rice and sipped their last drop of tea, the Honorable Lung asked them if they enjoyed their meal. They replied they did; that they had never partaken of anything more delicious."

And, reader, what do you suppose the Honorable Lung Tsai Kwong said on hearing this? It was this:

"I am glad you say that, for you have eaten your last meal on earth. You will be with your ancestors in two minutes."

And then—but let Dean Chung tell what happened after that.

"When they finished eating and drinking the Honorable Lung Tsai Kwong invited them out into the back yard of his yamen, or official residence, and, calling upon a squad of soldiers who were attending him, lined up my two friends against the wall of his home and shot them."

There was no need of Dean Chung explaining further, but he did, and in this wise:

"So now you understand why I did not want to be his guest. He would have shot me, too. He is very old-fashioned."

"A rather original host?"

"The most original host in the world," corrected Dean Chung.

"Why did Governor Lung shoot the Commissioner of Police and the Colonel?"

"Because his Excellency Yuan Shi Kai, President of the Republic of China, ordered them shot."

"Why?"

"Because the Commercial Club of Canton wrote to Yuan Shi Kai that they were rebels, enemies of the Republic. But they were not. Nor am I. They were, as I am, friends of the Republic. But we were not members of Yuan Shi Kai's party. We were members of Sun Yat-Sen's party of the constructive wing, for you must recognize that there are two branches of Sun Yat-Sen's party. The other is what you might call the destructive wing."

"But the Commissioner of Police," put in the writer, who was familiar with the charges often made against heads of police departments—"was his administration good?"

"Excellent, as he was honest. He wiped out gambling that brought in \$13,000,000 Mexican annually. Three million dollars of this was derived from fan-tan alone, and he had not been in office a month before the last fan-tan joint was closed. Then he wiped out the Chang Liu district, and drove all the women in it out of the city. There

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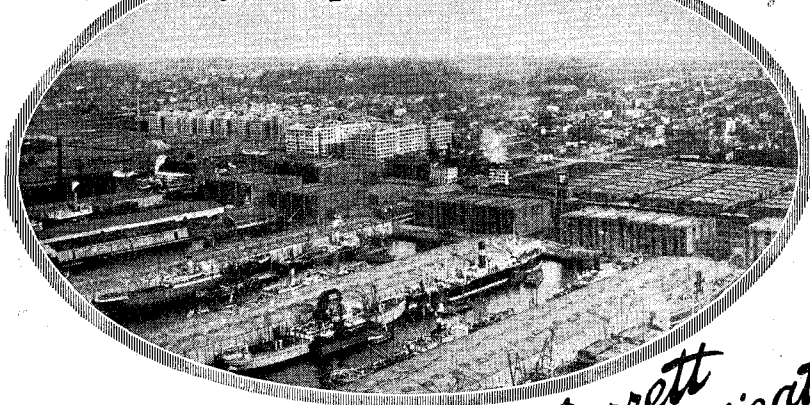


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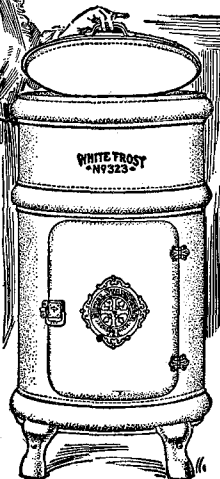
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was \$750,000 in revenue derived from this alone."

"You say revenue; did it go to the Government, this \$13,000,000 or \$14,000,000 annually?"

"It was supposed to," said Dean Chung with a smile, "but most of it went into the pockets of the grafters. But Commissioner Chan stopt all that. But since his death, however, gambling has been resumed."

"And the Chang Liu district?"

"They tried to get that back, but, fortunately, the people of Canton rose up and with one voice said that evil must not be tolerated. And I hope it won't. And the gay parties on the flower boats on the Canton River the Honorable Chan ended, and thus incurred the displeasure of the people who made up these parties and the displeasure of their friends."

"Is this shooting of prominent men without a trial common in China now?"

"Well, in the early part of this month, May, nine editors were shot. They were the editors of two reform papers, the *Sun-Wa*, which means the New China, and the *Ling Tung*, which means East of the Mountain Range. The papers were published in the Chiu Chau, in the Province of Kwangtung. There was an uprising in Chiu Chau. The rebels sent in an article to each of the papers telling of their grievances. At once the entire staffs of the two newspapers were arrested. Eight of the seven men arrested were reporters. The reporters were let go. But the editors were shot."

And from the rest of Dean Chung's story it appears that the shooting of editors is a pastime much in favor just now in the Chinese Republic.

One might suppose, being used only to our crude occidental ways, that Dean Chung would be rather resentful toward China's President, in view of the affair of the banquet; but no. He realizes that it is just a little mistake on the part of the President. When you live where execution naturally follows suspicion and explanation comes last, it is to be supposed that a successful escape from "justice" makes you charitable toward all, and too grateful for your good luck to be offended at the bad manners of your political opponents. Dean Chung believes President Yuan Shi Kai to be fair and just when once all the facts are in his possession. This in spite of the fact that he would much prefer seeing Dr. Sun Yat-Sen President of the Republic. Dr. Sun Yat-Sen is his good friend, as he says:

"My first meeting with him was three years ago, in San Francisco. I was at work in my little room there when a man entered, and without introduction of any kind said:

"I am Sun Mun. You should not be raising money in America for education when it is needed for revolution."

"I knew who Sun Mun was. It was thus that Sun Yat-Sen was known in his home city, and I replied:

"Each man must work for the salvation of China in his own way. My

way of preparing China for the changes that must necessarily come is by giving the youth of China a sound education."

And later, when Sun Yat-Sen became President of China, he recognized the genius of Dean Chung, and made him Commissioner of Education of the Province of Kwangtung, with full control of the education of twenty-five millions.

While Commissioner, Chung caused a restricted compulsory-education law to be enacted and set a standard for all public officials by having as his office one long room, with the head of the department at one end in plain view of his assistants and the clerical force. Thus no secret visitors or secret deals could be made—at least in the office.

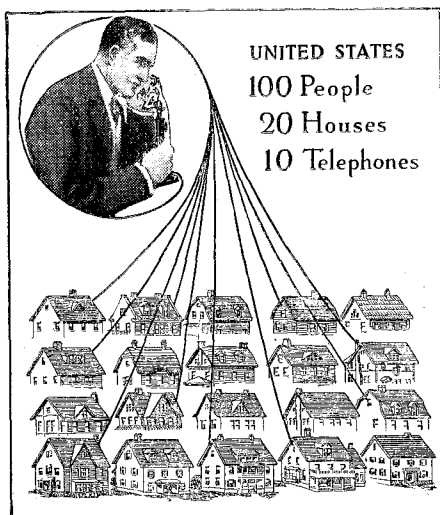
He also established the first educational museum in China. But perhaps his greatest achievement as an educator was the building up of a system of elementary public schools.

Here in America he will remain until Yuan Shi Kai becomes convinced that Dean Chung, whom he deposed as Commissioner of Education, is really a man of peace, and provides that he shall find a peaceful and safe abode in the former Flowery Kingdom.

A POLAR MYSTERY

NEARLY twenty years ago three men set out in a balloon on a voyage that was to take them over the top of the world and down the other side. Men saw them start, saw them soar high in the air and disappear off into the north, and, so far as we know, no man ever saw them again. What happened to these explorers no one for years has known, for the arctic hides its secrets well. Their fate has remained a mystery in spite of occasional rumors of the finding of their balloon. The other day attention was again called to Andrée by the report that shreds and fragments of a large balloon were discovered in a forest of eastern Siberia. Even now the north mocks those who would know more. Those bits of silk and hempen rope may mark the end of Andrée's polar explorations, but even so they tell us little. How that end came, after what perils and privations had been endured, whether or not the goal of the explorers had been attained—we will doubtless never know. To such a trip as Andrée and his companions planned there must be inevitably one of two endings, either success and eternal fame or annihilation and obliteration. They must have known before they started how greatly the chances for failure overbalanced those for success; and yet they started forth, facing that unknown, immeasurable fate that is always more terrifying than the known. Commenting in this vein, the *Savannah News* says of the Andrée expedition:

Men who live humdrum lives with never a desire for adventures can hardly



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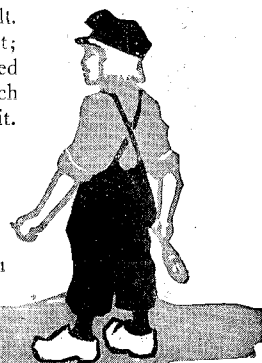
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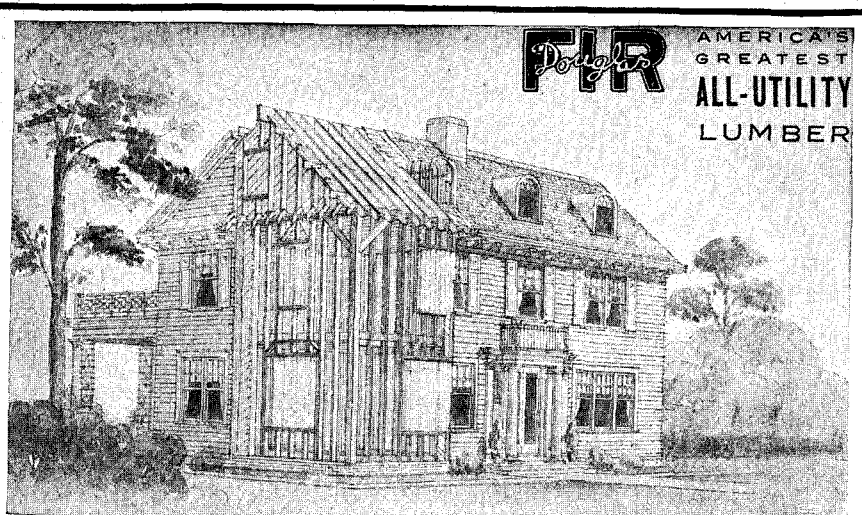
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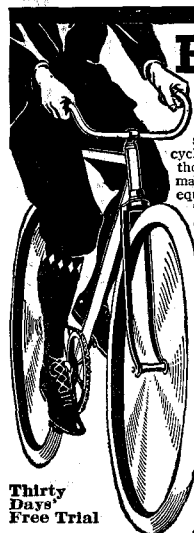
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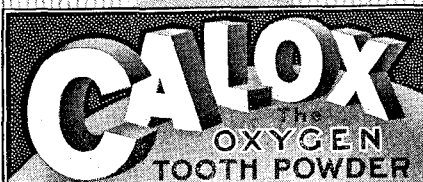
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appreciate the spirit that animates the explorer and sends him to face cheerfully unknown terrors, privations, and hardships, and even causes him to risk his life. Announcement that the balloon in which Andrée sailed has been found serves to call attention anew to the considerable body of men who in recent years have risked everything merely to reach unattained sections of the earth. Peary in the arctic, Shackleton, Amundsen, and Scott in the antarctic, and more recently Roosevelt in Brazil, have set records that will be remembered long after every corner of the earth is accurately mapped.

Glamour surrounds their feats of exploration, but the attempted air journey of Andrée and his two companions appeals even more strongly to the imagination. For years there has been no doubt that he is dead, but how he died and where and when have been unsolved mysteries. For an explorer to strike into uninhabited, frozen country leaving depots of supplies in his path and making every necessary arrangement for his safe return does not indicate that he is not a brave man or is unworthy of high praise, but his brand of courage is tinged with caution. Andrée took a long chance. He believed there was a possibility of his floating through the air clear over the top of the world, but his belief was shared by very few persons, and there was no surprise when month after month passed with no tidings of him and his little party.

A few slight traces of the flight were found at first. The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* mentions these in an appreciation of the party's heroism:

The plan to reach the pole by balloon perhaps was the most daring of any of the attempts to attain that little point on the world's map marked 90 degrees north latitude. Professor Andrée hoped to take advantage of favorable air-currents and to drift in his balloon across the pole. He had several buoys which he planned to drop overboard, one of which was to mark the pole itself. Starting from Dane Island, north of Spitzbergen, in July, 1897, he and his companions floated away into the north with fair winds and clear skies. Two years later a buoy, thrown out eight hours after his departure, was found in Norway. In the same year the "North Pole Buoy" was picked up on an island northeast of Spitzbergen. A third buoy was found on the coast of Iceland. One message from Andrée was brought back by carrier-pigeon. It contained a statement from Andrée that the balloon had attained 82 degrees north latitude and was drifting eastward.

Since then no word has come. Whether the "North Pole Buoy" had drifted down from some point truly approximating 90 degrees north latitude, where it had been let fall, or whether it was merely a bit of jetsam from the final wreck of the balloon, can not be told; and now—it does not matter, for the pole has been reached by land already. As another writer, in the Philadelphia Press, remarks of Andrée:

Since that July in 1897 when he cut loose from his moorings on Dane Island, all that he hoped to accomplish, and much

more, has been accomplished. Both poles have been discovered. "The unconquered air," in which he put vain trust, has been studied and defied and all but subdued to the uses of man. All the heroes have been brought home, save one whose resting-place is marked by a cairn on the antarctic wastes. The trophies are captured, the honors assigned.

Only Andrée and his two comrades, in a sense the most daring of all who dared so much, lie in some unmarked spot under the northern aurora, sharing the fate of those who march too far in advance of their fellow men.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

On the Contrary.—"So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?" asked a sarcastic man of a friend who had traveled. "Regular comic-opera bandits, eh?"

"No," said the other. "There was nothing of the comic-opera style about them. The gags they used were all new."
—*Tit-Bits*.

A Personal Question.—"You understand your duties thoroughly, don't you?" she said to the new footman.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly, ma'am."

"And you know your way to announce?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't perhaps like to go quite so far as that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."
—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Cruelty.—The Senator and the Major were walking up the Avenue. The Senator was more than middle-aged and considerably more than fat, and, dearly as the Major loved him, he also loved his joke.

The Senator turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said, "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

In the Same Boat.—The house doctor of a Cincinnati theater sometimes tires of his office; hence the following:

One evening an excited usher rushed to the doctor's seat and whispered a brief message. The occupant rose at once and both men left the orchestra hastily and made for the dressing-rooms.

"It's the leading lady," wailed one of the actresses, meeting them; "come this way."

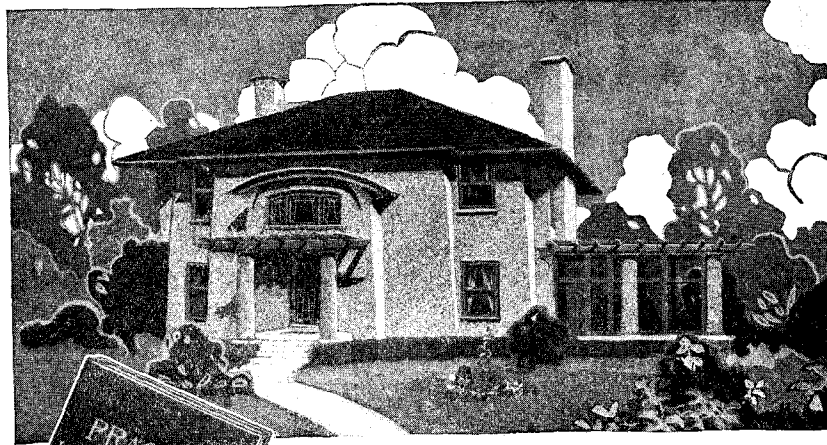
"Have you poured water on her head?" inquired the doctor, solemnly.

"Yes, from the fire-bucket."

"The fire bucket!—what a fearful blunder! Here," and he scribbled a line on a card, "take this to the drug-store and get it filled."

When the leading lady found herself alone with the doctor, she opened her eyes. "Doctor," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, aren't you? I know you are aware that there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"You bet I can," said the doctor, wringing her hand, sympathetically. "I ain't no doctor. I came in on his ticket."
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.



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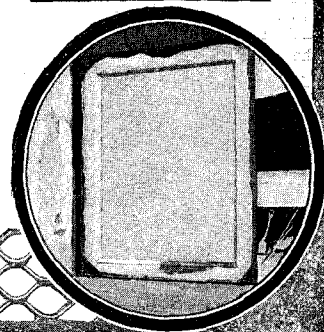
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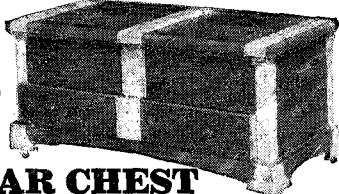
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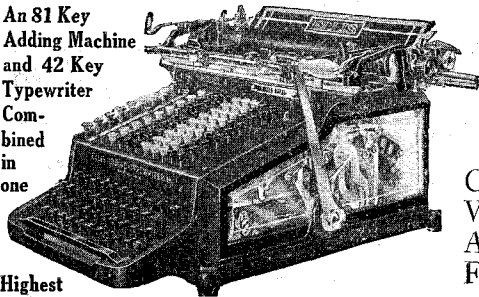
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Sharp.—The successful farmer has to be sharp as a raiser.—*Lippincott's*.

Simple.—STUDENT A—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"
STUDENT B—"Don't let them turn in."
—*Purple Cow*.

Several Such.—STRANGER—"Upon what plan are your city institutions conducted?"

CITIZEN—"A sort of let-George-do-it system—without any George."—*Puck*.

Mediation.—COHEN—"Hands up, or I'll shoot!"

QUICK-WITTED BURGLAR—"Fifty dollars fer de gun!"

COHEN—"Sold!"—*Gargoyle*.

Real Trouble.—VISITOR—"Are you having any trouble to find work for the unemployed here?"

UNCLE EBEN—"Nope. Our trouble here is to get work out of the employed."—*Judge*.

Strange Bird.—The renowned M. de Blowitz once wrote from Paris to the *London Times*: "La Liberté is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."—*Argonaut*.

Frankness Returned.—FEWSCADDS—"I tell you frankly that I shall not be able to pay for this suit until next year."

TAILOR—"All right, sir."

F—"When will it be ready?"

T—"Next year."—*Boston Transcript*.

Couldn't Fool Him.—SANDY (newly arrived in the Canadian forest-land)—"Whatna beast's yon?"

NATIVE—"A young mocse."

SANDY—"Och, haud yer tongue! If that's a young moose, I'd like to see ane o' yer auld rats!"—*Tit-Bits*.

The Only One Out.—The man arose and gave his seat to a girl.

"Oh, thank you most kindly, sir," she replied.

"Don't mind her being polite," explained a sad-faced woman. "I'm taking her to a sanitarium."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

Tactful.—Edward was the proud owner of his first pair of pants. On the occasion of his first wearing them a neighbor happened in and was chatting with his father, but, much to Edward's disgust, the all-important subject was not mentioned. The little fellow stood it as long as he could, then, in a very indifferent manner, remarked, "There are three pairs of pants in this room."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Sleep Preferred.—Mrs. Randall had just finished instructing her new girl, who came to her from an intelligence-office. Her general appearance pleased the mistress greatly, and she felt sure that at last she had succeeded in finding a prize.

"And, Lizzie, do you have to be called in the morning?" she asked as an after-thought.

"I don't have to be, mum," replied the new assistant hopefully, "unless you just happens to need me."—*Lippincott's*.

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The Meat and the Husk.—**LOST-AND-FOUND CLERK**—"Lost a parcel of poems? Can't you write 'em over again?"

POET—"Yes; but there was a ham sandwich wrapt up in it."—*Judge*.

A Mean Meaning.—**WIFEY**—"Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?"

HUBBY—"Yes, my dear."

WIFEY—"Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then."—*Boston Transcript*.

Nearly Spoiled.—"Well," said the editor, "how about that high-life-scandal story? Is it true?"

"No, sir," said the reporter.

"No facts at all?"

"Not a chance."

"Everything denied?"

"Absolutely."

"Good Heavens! Cut it down to half a page then."—*Yale Record*.

Fixing the Blame.—He found his own front porch with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the keyhole by instinct. Once in the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash.

"Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above.

"It's all right, Mary, but I'll—I'll learn those goldfish to snap at me!"—*Everybody's*.

Hard Labor.—Wilson Barrett used to tell an amusing story against himself. At a time when he had a lot of workmen redecorating his private residence, thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to have seats to go and see him play in "The Lights o' London," at the Princess's Theater.

They said they didn't mind if they did, and being complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight of this item against each workman's name on the pay-sheet: "Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Princess's Theater, eight shillings."—*Tit-Bits*.

Faithful Unto Death.—A reporter on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that was being rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. About the first victim the Kansas City reporter saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. He had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

The reporter jumped to the side of the man against the fence. "How many hurt?" he asked of the prostrate one.

"Haven't heard of anybody being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?"

"Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim-agent of this road."—*Harper's Magazine*.



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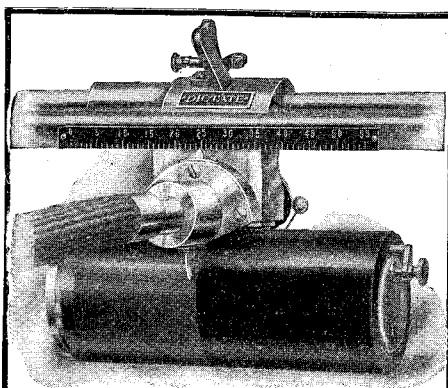
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

BIG CORPORATION SALARIES

IN his recent testimony in Washington, Mr. Mellen, formerly president of the New Haven Railroad, remarked that \$25,000 a year was all that any railroad president could actually earn. In a later statement, he was quoted as saying that the present salaries of executive officers in corporations "are exorbitant, because the influential men who create these executive offices want the men to be subservient to their private financial masters." Such officers "do not serve the stockholders," but serve "the financial bosses who make profits through their control of the railroad and outside business." Commenting on this statement, the New York World remarks that Mr. Mellen has made "no new revelation in high finance." It adds that salaries in the big life-insurance companies up to the time of the scandalous revelations of ten years ago "were made exorbitant that high finance and the board of directors could use the money of policy-holders in their own ventures and for their own profits." Similarly salaries in large banks "are often made exorbitant that those among the directors who have larger interests outside than within the bank may the more easily use the money of depositors to their own outside advantage."

The Wall Street Journal does not share these views. It says that no one has ever suggested that the president of the Pennsylvania "is a servant of any financial boss," while scores of other roads might be mentioned to the same effect. Roads which in any way accord with Mr. Mellen's conception "are and always have been in a conspicuous minority." The writer then discusses the question, "What is an exorbitant salary?"

"If Mr. Mellen, by the exercise of a tact he admittedly does not possess, could have kept the New England system out of continual hot water, he would have been cheap at \$200,000 a year. A competent railroad president receives \$40,000 a year or more, because he is worth more than that, and not less. His position is no accident; and, like every first-rate man at the head of a first-rate business, he is underpaid. When such a man is receiving all he is worth he is on the down grade."

BONDS ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN, YIELDING ABOUT 5 PER CENT.

So many inquiries from individual women investors have reached The Wall Street Journal, asking for a selection of bonds suitable for them and returning about 5 per cent. on the investment, that a list has been prepared and printed by that paper as information for its readers in general. The writer remarks that, in recent years, the higher cost of living expenses has created a demand for such a yield greater than has existed before, and yet this demand is accompanied by a desire "for absolute safety of the investment." In order to obtain the highest degree of safety, it says, "a woman should limit her investment purchases to 'bonds which are legal investments for savings-banks in States like New York and Massachusetts.'"

Such bonds, however, at the present level of prices, do not yield 5 per cent.; on the average they scarcely yield $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In order to secure 5 per cent., therefore, "some degree of safety has to be sacrificed." There are, however, good bonds, not legal for savings-bank investments, which "a woman might purchase, with nearly as complete a feeling of safety," but in doing this she should remember that she is not buying "the best secured issues," that is, what are commonly called "gilt-edged" bonds. The writer is of opinion that in a list of this kind the following bonds might be included:

	Price	Yield
Atl. Co. Line L. & N. coll. 4s, 1952	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.50
Interbor. R. T. 1st & ref. 5s, 1966	99	5.06
Colo. & South. 1st. 4s, 1929	90 $\frac{3}{8}$	4.96
L. & N. Atl., K. & Cin. div. 4s, 1955	90 $\frac{3}{8}$	4.54
Third Avenue 1st ref. 4s, 1960	83 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.93
North. Pac. gen. lien 5s, 2047	67	4.44
Seab. Air L. first 4s, 1950	85 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.90
South. Pac.-Cent. Pac. coll. 4s, 1949	93 $\frac{7}{8}$	4.34
South. Ry. first cons. 5s, 1934	104 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.77
Bethl. Steel first ext. 5s, 1925	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	5.08
Gen. Elect. deb. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, 1942	75 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.90
U. S. Steel 5s, 1963	103	4.84

Other bonds, the writer believes, could be added to this list and still keep it "within the bounds of conservatism." In making any selection from the above list diversification should be kept in mind. One's funds should never all be placed in a single bond or in bonds of companies engaged in the same business. With railroad issues, one should have regard for "a wide geographical distribution of the property." Single purchases of bonds can often be made in denominations of \$500 and \$100. As to the above list, the writer remarks that the difference in yields indicated in the right-hand column "is a fair indication of their ranking." He has included two collateral issues "because the stocks back of them give full security to the issues and the provisions of their indentures amply protect against future developments and may result in the calling of the bonds before maturity at a price well above their present market level."

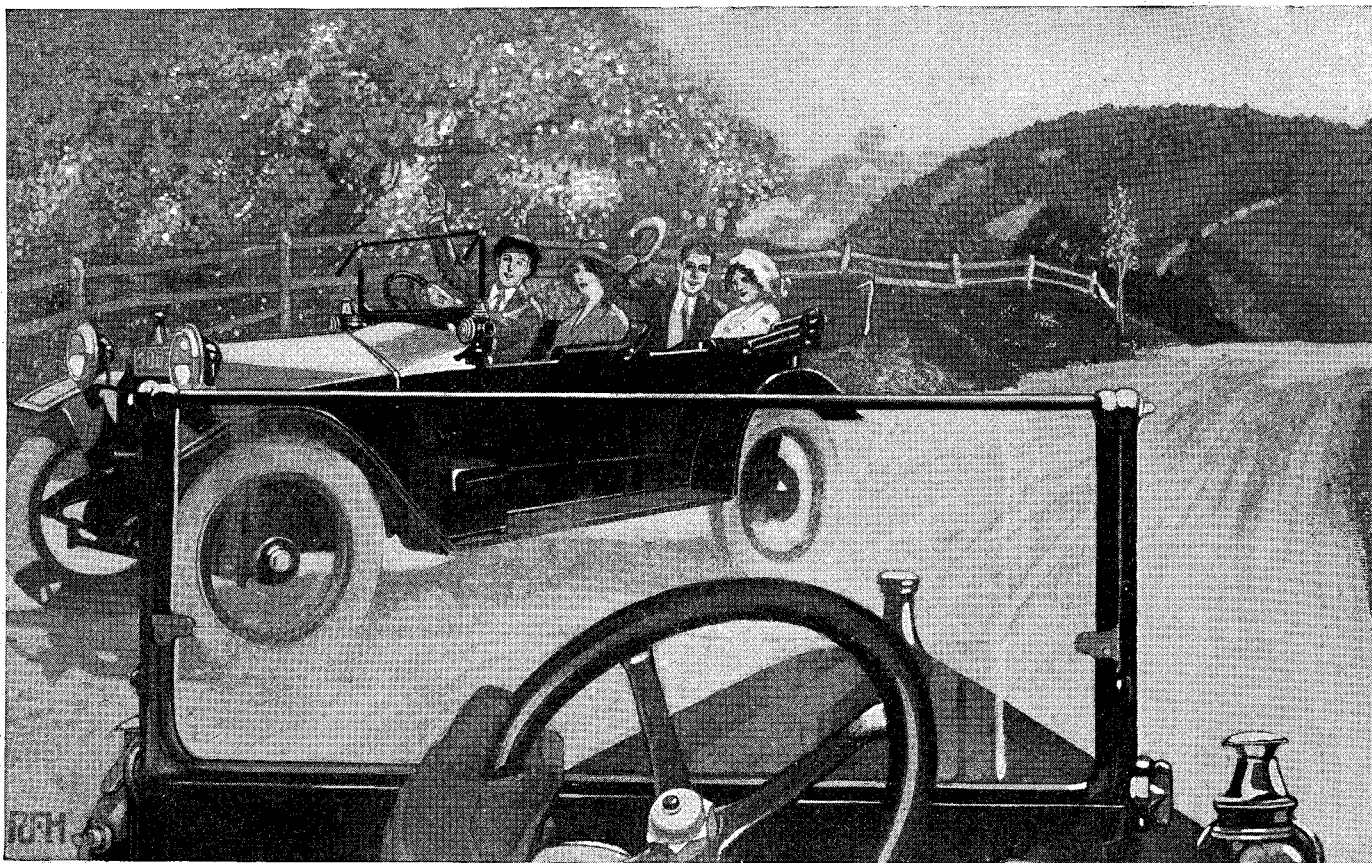
RAILROADS PRACTISING ECONOMIES

The steady decline in the past twelve months in the gross earnings of railroads has led to notable curtailing in operating expenses. Many small economies have been the result. One of these that has been widely commented on is the action of the Erie in washing the car windows less frequently than before. The Pennsylvania, meanwhile, has been giving less attention to the fine external appearance of its rock ballast, which is a saving said to amount to ten dollars per mile per year. A more important saving and one which has been effected by many roads, is curtailment in passenger-train service. Trains not actually essential have frequently been discontinued. In some cases two or more trains have been combined into one and roads having heavy summer travel have delayed the installation of their full summer schedule weeks beyond the usual time. On this subject a writer in The Wall Street Journal says:

"Unnecessary replacements are not
(Continued on page 1520)"

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Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment . . . \$1050

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40,000 Owner-Salesmen

Wonderful stories have come to us from dealers everywhere of the number of sales made as the result of friendly interest shown by Hup owners.

Some weeks ago we instructed Hup salesmen visiting all parts of the country to make a detailed report on this point.

These reports, covering every State in the Union, are now in our hands; and they reveal an astonishing and gratifying condition.

Out of 1500 dealers more than 90 per cent testify that the Hup owner is by far the most important factor in making new sales.

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It seems to us that nothing we might say to you about the Hup could possibly inspire you with greater confidence in the car than this attitude of Hup owners.

We do not mean to imply that other owners of other cars do not feel kindly toward those cars.

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We do believe that it is unusual for people of all sorts and conditions to go out of their way to help the Hup dealer make sales.

We are certain that they could not so commit themselves if they did not feel sure of what the Hup is and what the Hup will do.

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It shows us that, almost to a man, Hup owners back us in our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

And we confidently refer you to the Hup owner and the Hup dealer in your home town.

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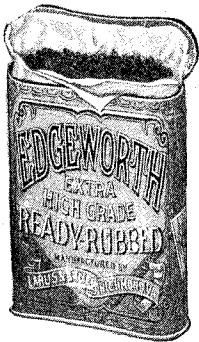
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anxious to give away a quantity of valuable tobacco. There is method in our madness. We frankly believe that out of every 100 men who smoke a few pipefuls of Edgeworth for the known purpose of trying it out—at least 90 will want to smoke it again and again. Will you try this on with us? Edgeworth comes in two forms, the Sliced Plug and the Ready-Rubbed.

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If you are already one of the many Edgeworth smokers, suggest to some friend that he accept our offer of a package free. Every package of Edgeworth is guaranteed. Dealers everywhere have Edgeworth. The tin is blue.

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Filmless, plateless camera just out. Amazing invention. Elbert Hubbard says: "The ease, facility, fun, and frolic the 'Mandel-ette' supplies, exhausts my adjectives." Finished pictures made on the spot in a minute's time. No plates, films, or darkroom. No fussing. No experience needed to operate.

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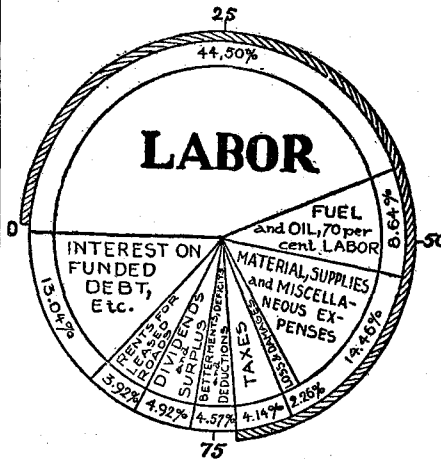


INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

(Continued from page 1518)

being made, that is to say, replacements that are more for appearance than for actual operating use. Several towns along the line of the New Haven have been in hopes that new stations would soon replace the present obsolete structures, but Chairman Elliott has announced that New Haven has not the money for such things. However, as Mr. Elliott has also cut down the dinner fees of the directors he can not be accused of partiality.

"That the roads have met with some success in their campaign of retrenchment a glance at their record of the past twelve months clearly indicates. After



HOW THE RAILROAD SPENDS ITS DOLLAR.

In the above diagram, Slason Thompson, from official figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, and using a single dollar as a unit to represent the many millions embraced in the original calculation, shows the percentages of money distributed among various interests from the year's gross earnings of the railroads. Labor, it will be seen, received much the largest amount—44.50 per cent. The reader will note that the railroads paid out in taxes, that is, for the benefit of the general public, nearly as much as they earned for dividends and surplus—in the one case, 4.14 per cent., in the other, 4.92 per cent.

May, 1913, the rate of increase in maintenance and transportation steadily declined until in December both were able to show a decrease, and a decrease has been reported each month since.

"While maintenance has been cut down more than transportation expenses the difference most of the time has not been very great. As a rule, if the decrease in maintenance is out of all proportion to the decrease in transportation expenses, the decrease in the former is at the expense of the condition of the road, and will probably have to be made up in following months."

THE JAY GOULD ESTATE

The present size of the fortune left by Jay Gould has not infrequently been made a subject of discussion in financial journals. Important changes are known to have occurred in that fortune, coincident with changes in control of the Western Union, Missouri Pacific, Wabash Railroad, and other properties. They have led to questions as to whether the estate has been able to hold its own. A writer in *The Wall Street Journal* discusses the matter under an impression that, instead of having been diminished, the estate has materially increased, and, according to some, has doubled in value. When Jay Gould died George



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Gould was placed in control of the estate, with Edwin, Howard, and Helen Gould as cotrustees. The writer contends that the financial position of the estate has since grown so strong that it became at times "a veritable Aladdin's lamp, when it was necessary, as it often has been, to perform some financial wonders with the Gould roads, such as extricating them from critical situations." He says further:

"At one time George Gould, with the aid of the estate's funds, loaned the Missouri Pacific as high as \$20,000,000 without security, to stave off receivership. This was in 1894. Since that date the estate's funds have saved the various properties time and again. In 1911, when the Missouri Pacific sold the \$25,000,000 notes which have only recently been creating so much trouble, the company owed the Goulds \$12,000,000, and at that time, altho they were paid off from proceeds of the note sale, they agreed to loan an additional \$3,000,000 if the company needed it, and it did, altho the debt was subsequently paid.

"But very recently the estate has stood between several roads and insolvency. On May 1, the Missouri Pacific would have been due for a default if Gould had not advanced \$1,000,000 to help over its immediate requirements. On the same date, George Gould let the Wabash Railroad have \$600,000 to pay interest on its receivers' certificates to avoid an insolvent receivership. On June 1, Gould advanced the Texas & Pacific \$250,000, to tide it over some heavy maturing obligations; and again, on June 1, it was the Gould estate that saved the Missouri Pacific Railway from receivership by agreeing to put up 80 per cent. of the funds needed to purchase the undeposited \$4,750,000 three-year notes, Speyer & Co. putting up the remaining 20 per cent., or approximately \$950,000.

"There were others not the company's bankers ready to put up the money to take care of the undeposited balance of the notes had not the Gould estate and Speyer & Co. at the last moment come to the rescue. But Aladdin's lamp was in good working condition and was called upon to do most of the work."

A writer in the New York *Sun*, commenting on these facts and on the additional statement that not only the original estate, but the separate personal fortunes of the present members of the Gould family have nearly doubled in twenty-one years, remarks that this is "a highly significant situation, inasmuch as all the securities in which the Gould estate and Gould family are supposed to be largely interested are now at such desperately low prices." He adds:

"A month after the death of Jay Gould Western Union stock was selling at 95, Manhattan Elevated at 153, Missouri Pacific at 56, Texas Pacific at 10, and Wabash at 11. All the bonds of the Missouri Pacific and the securities of other Gould roads, like the St. Louis Southwestern, Denver & Rio Grande and Western Pacific, have declined persistently and steadily in recent years and now show enormous depreciation. The general public holding Gould securities through recent years has nothing to boast of but losses.

"The latest financial exploit of George Gould, by which he remains in control of the Missouri Pacific's affairs, was not an expensive arrangement to him. Free deposits of the notes under the extension

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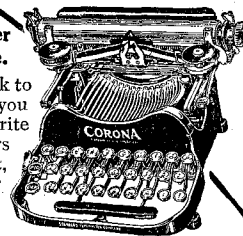
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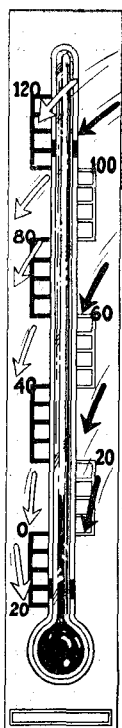
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plan left less than \$5,000,000 worth to be bought up by the Gould interests."

REDUCED BANK CLEARINGS

Dulness in speculation, light trading in real estate, irregularity in distributed trade, tardy collections, and slowness in the iron and steel business, are cited by *Bradstreet's* as causes which led in May to a reduced volume of bank clearings. The figures for May were "disappointingly light," the total being \$13,035,974,000, which means a drop from April of 11.7 per cent. Compared with May last year and with May, 1912 and 1911, the losses shown were respectively 6.7 per cent., 11.3 per cent., 2.4 per cent. When the five months of the present year are considered, however, the showing is not so bad, the loss being one of only 1.3 per cent. compared with the first five months of 1913.

The writer calls attention to the fact that bank clearings, while frequently referred to as an index of the state of business, "are not an unerring guide to the volume of business moving within a given month." For example, dry-goods bought at the present time may not be paid for until weeks or months have elapsed, all being dependent on the credit terms under which the purchases were made. In the purchase of stocks and bonds, however, clearings do indicate the state of that class of business. So, also, in manufacturing centers, they may be accepted as "a fair index of the rise and fall in pay-rolls." Other comments made by the writer on the clearings for May include the following:

"New York City's total for May—\$7,238,531,558—is but a shade over the small sum reported for February; with that exception it is the poorest showing made since August of last year, and prior to that since September, 1911; it is the lightest total reported for any May since 1908, and back of that since 1904. The loss from April is 15 per cent., from May of last year 9 per cent., and from that month in 1912 17 per cent. It is to be noted, however, that transactions in stocks on the New York Stock Exchange during May—4,759,000 shares—fell 33 per cent. from those of April, and dealings represented the smallest volume for any May since 1897. The most recent months in which business was smallest were November, 1913, and August, 1900. It should be noted that transactions in May, 1906, were about five times larger than those of the same time this year. For the five months ending with May the total is \$40,246,014,798, a loss of only 1.9 per cent., in the face of the quietest stock-market operations for any five months since 1897. The decrease from the first five months in 1912 is 5 per cent.

Outside of New York the total for May—\$5,797,443,003—reveals a loss of 6 per cent. from April, of 3.6 per cent. from May, 1913, and 2.2 per cent. from that month in 1912. For the five months' period the total is \$30,458,421,163, a decline of only six-tenths of 1 per cent. from the record total established in the corresponding period of 1913. The sum just given establishes a slight increase over the five months of 1912. For the month forty-four cities show increases over last year, and seventy-eight indicate losses. For the five months' period fifty-eight cities display increases, while fifty-nine have decreases.

"Two groups, the New England and the northwestern, exhibit fractional gains for

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York

the month, while the south shows a loss of only one-tenth of 1 per cent. The heaviest decrease, 9.1 per cent., is returned by the middle group, and the far-western contributes a decline of 8.7 per cent., the southwestern 6.3 per cent., and the central western 4 per cent. Losses for the five months' period are relatively light, save in the case of the far-western group, which reports a drop of 5.6 per cent. That section of the country has been suffering since the spring of 1913 from poor trade conditions in the lumber industry. The midwest and northwest return gains of 3.9 per cent. and 3.1 per cent. respectively.

"Bank clearings at sixteen Canadian cities for the month of May aggregated \$701,353,436, the largest sum reported since December of 1913, and reflecting an increase of 4.4 per cent. over the exhibit for April. On the other hand, the total for last month falls below that of May, 1913, to the extent of 10.4 per cent., and it manifests a drop of 12.9 per cent. from that month in 1912, when clearings were of exceptionally heavy proportions. Observers of economic movements hardly need be told that Canada continues to suffer from disappointingly dull trade, paucity of speculation in real estate, backward collections, and more or less idleness of industrial operatives in the larger cities, which factor acts as a check-rein on retail trade. However, optimism in Canada has developed, and with favorable crop prospects trade gives promise of throwing off its lethargy. At Montreal clearings during May were 3.5 per cent. larger than those of April, but at Toronto the increase was only two-tenths of 1 per cent., while at Winnipeg the gain reached 17 per cent. As compared with May of last year, every center save Ottawa suffered a decrease, that for Montreal being 5.6 per cent., for Toronto 5 per cent., and for Winnipeg 13.7 per cent."

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN TRAFFIC

It appears from a compilation in *The Wall Street Journal* that among trunk lines transporting grain from the Great Lakes and other interior points to the seaboard at New York, the Erie in April this year was the leader. The total receipts at New York in that month, including grain that came by water, were 7,060,807 bushels. Of this amount the Erie brought a little more than 20 per cent., or 1,416,640 bushels. Following are the figures for the Erie and other roads, as well as for water transportation:

	April, 1914		April, 1913	
	Bushels	P. ct.	Bushels	P. ct.
New York Central..	888,823	12.59	686,942	9.34
West Shore.....	1,200,025	16.99	2,329,891	32.71
Erie.....	1,416,644	20.06	1,230,050	17.27
Pennsylvania.....	977,549	13.85	340,195	4.78
Lackawanna.....	1,307,025	18.51	1,208,784	16.96
Lehigh Valley.....	933,601	13.22	1,076,970	15.12
Baltimore & Ohio....	90,265	1.28	90,802	1.28
Various.....	134,443	1.90	154,337	2.17
Total rail.....	6,948,375	98.40	7,117,971	99.93
Total water.....	112,432	1.60	4,940	.07
Grand total, April	7,060,807	100.00	7,122,911	100.00

It is to be noted here that the grain transported by the West Shore might properly be credited to the New York Central, inasmuch as that system owns the West Shore. The grain which passed over the New York Central proper, combined with the amount sent over the West Shore, would make a total for April of over two million bushels, or approximately 30 per cent. of the whole, as compared with 20 per cent. for the Erie.



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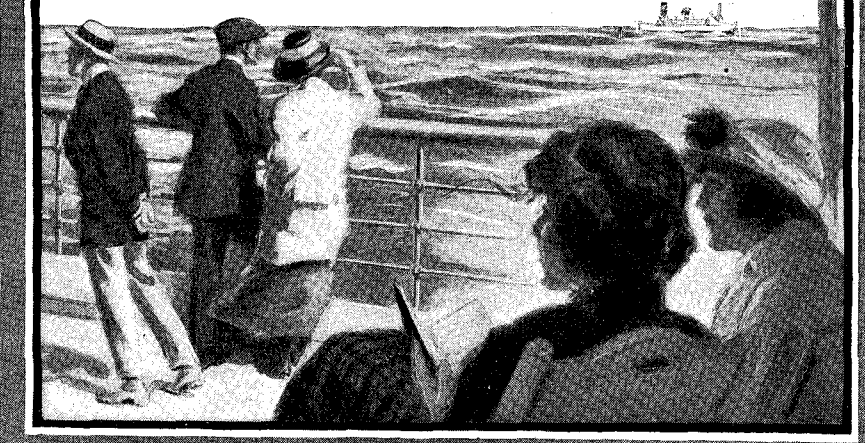
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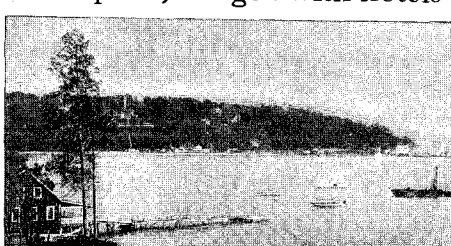


Long Island

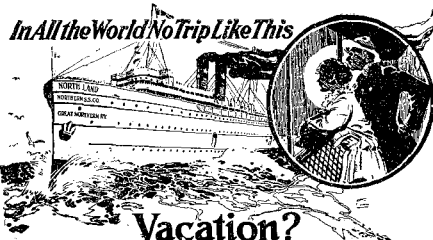
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CURRENT EVENTS

Mexico

June 5.—The American schooner *Sunshine*, from Galveston, lands a cargo of arms at Tampico for the revolutionists. The Mexican delegates at Niagara protest to their Government, referring to the incident as a violation of the existing armistice.

June 7.—Two Mexican Federal gunboats are stationed off Tampico to prevent the steamship *Antilla* from landing its cargo of arms and ammunition for the rebels.

General Carranza gives out a statement defining as part of the Constitutionalist policy a refusal to legalize or accept any of Huerta's acts or to recognize in any way the present Federal Government.

June 8.—Huerta withdraws the blockade of Tampico, at the request of the Niagara delegates.

June 9.—The United States Government prohibits all future shipments of arms to Mexico.

June 10.—An engagement between Mexican forces is reported within twenty miles of the American position at Vera Cruz, the Federals under General Maas being repulsed.

The Morgan liner *El Sud*, arriving at Galveston from New York, with arms for Tampico, is not detained by the customs officials.

Foreign

June 4.—A guest at a British court reception makes a public appeal to King George not to use force against the suffragettes, but she is promptly ejected.

A charge of card-sharping brought against a member of King George's household causes a scandal in court circles.

Western and southern Japan are swept by a storm in which many hundreds of lives are lost.

June 5.—Vincenzo Peruggia, who stole the "Mona Lisa" from the Paris Louvre, in 1911, is sentenced in Florence, Italy, to one year and fifteen days' imprisonment. His defense alleged a patriotic desire to return this famous Italian painting to its native country.

Two French army aviators are killed by an explosion during a flight at Dijon, France.

British suffragettes burn and destroy a historic church at Breadsall, near Derby, dating from Norman times.

June 7.—British suffragettes invade Westminster Cathedral and assail the pulpit, and interrupt mass in another London church. Both disturbances are followed by wild disorder.

June 8.—Thirty-seven nations participate in the International Business Congress opened in Paris.

Two and a half inches of snow and hail fall in Paris, blocking traffic.

June 10.—The civil marriage of Miss Belle Wyatt Willard and Kermit Roosevelt takes place in Madrid, to be immediately followed by the religious ceremony.

A brilliant celebration is held in London commemorating the Peace Centenary of England and America.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

June 4.—Customs officials estimate the receipts for the fiscal year at not less than \$290,000,000. The monument to the Confederate dead is unveiled at Arlington and is officially accepted in behalf of the nation by President Wilson.

June 5.—The House passes the trade commission, antitrust and railroad-capitalization bills.

June 8.—A bill is introduced in Congress making it illegal for Cabinet officials to lecture for pay. The Interstate Commerce Commission's power to regulate intrastate railroad rates when such rates affect interstate commerce is upheld by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Shreveport, La., case.

The Supreme Court, in a case involving the International Harvester Company, sustains the constitutionality of Missouri's antitrust laws, despite the fact that they exempt labor organizations.

In another decision, also involving the Harvester Company, the Supreme Court annuls Kentucky's antitrust laws because they exempted tobacco pools that fix prices.

GENERAL

June 4.—The Marconi Wireless Company announces the invention of a practicable wireless fog siren.

June 5.—The Adams Express Company forms a bureau intended to lower food prices by

eliminating the middle man and shipping farm produce direct by express.

Auto bandits get \$5,700 in two daylight hold-ups in New York City.

The Cumarder *Aquitania* arrives in New York Harbor on her maiden voyage.

June 6.—The Ford Motor Company is put on a five-day schedule, because of overproduction, altho business is good.

June 9.—Mount Lassen, the newly awakened volcano in California, again becomes active.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. C. T., Norfolk, Va.—"1. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company write me, 'You will be highly pleased with the Dictionary once you receive it.' Is this use of 'once' correct? 2. Is it right to say Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company write, or should we say Funk & Wagnalls Company writes, without the Messrs.? 3. What do you think of the use of Ms. in addressing a lady in a business letter, when you do not know whether she is married or not?"

1. *Once* in the sense used above means "as soon as," and is permissible. 2. As the company's action is past, the correct form is "The Funk & Wagnalls Company has written me." 3. The suggestion you make of using Ms. as a substitute for Miss or Mrs. in a case where it is not known whether the lady is married or single, is ingenious, but its adoption must be general before it receives the recognition of lexicographers.

"M. M. C., Salt Lake City, Utah.—"Kindly tell me the meaning of the term *incomunicado*, and also the phrase 'Non compos mentis.'"

The term *incomunicado* is a Spanish term designating one who can not be communicated with. It designates what in English is *incommunication*, which is defined in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY. It means "The condition of a prisoner prevented, by order of the court, from holding communication with any one during the period of confinement, or until further orders." With reference to *non compos mentis*, this phrase means "Not of sound mind or discretion; mentally unbalanced: often abbreviated *non compos*."

"G. E. T., Boston, Mass.—"Is there good authority for the increasing use of 'like' as a conjunctive adverb, as in the sentence 'Try to do this like I do'?"

Like, in the adverbial sense of "in the manner of," as, "He speaks like a philosopher," is correctly used, but the tendency to treat this word as a conjunction (which it is not) in substitution for *as* is altogether wrong. Do not say "Do like I do"; say, rather, "Do as I do." It is also a colloquialism to give the word the signification of *as if*, as "I felt like my final hour had come"; and the use of the word as synonymous for *somewhat* is a vulgarism. Say "He breathed somewhat heavily"—not "heavy like." When *like* is followed by an objective case, as "Be brave like him," the preposition *unto* must be supplied by ellipsis. For this reason, as for the fact that *like* here has the force of a conjunction, introducing the implied phrase "he is brave," it is better to say "Be brave as he is."

"W. H. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"There are 81 Republicans, 48 Democrats, 20 Progressives, and 1 Independent in the Assembly membership, a Republican majority of 12. Isn't this a plurality of 12, and not a majority?"

The word *plurality* is the correct word to use in this sentence.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS: *Either*, adjective, may mean, (1) One or the other of two, indeterminately or indifferently, and is sometimes used loosely for *any*, referring to a larger number than two; as, *cither* one of the seven sons. (2) Each of two; both; one and the other separately; as, "On either side one, and Jesus in the midst" (*John* xix, 13). In the sentence submitted by "J. H. A. L., of Waukesha, Wis., 'On either side of the country road . . . were dikes,' the meaning of "either" is clearly the second one cited above.